Week ending December 27 1952 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

WHERE WIVES ARE SLAVES

A remarkable personal story of Eskimo life

NO COUGHING TODAY

thanks to **VENO'S**

IF you've a bottle of VENO'S in the house you can quickly get rid of a cough. VENO'S Cough Mixture removes the immediate causes of coughing. It soothes the irritation of a dry cough and loosens tenacious phlegm.

Whenever there's a cough in your house turn to VENO'S. It can safely be given to children.

VENO'S WILL STOP CHILDREN'S COUGHS, NIGHT COUGHS, THROAT AND CHEST SORENESS

1/8 *and* **2/10**

per bottle

Take

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH MIXTURE

Would You like a Cheque for £50?

Three separate prizes of £50 must be won this week in a unique and fascinating advertisement competition of "Fitting Phrases" which appears in this issue on pages 23, 25 and 27. Don't on any account miss it. There is no entrance fee and full details are given on each page. Why not make it a fireside game and get all the family to help?

Turn to Pages 23, 25 and 27

N.88.

MY CHILD?

NEVER!

It's nobody's fault: any child, unfortunately, can pick up head lice. There is no need to reproach yourself or worry about it. One application of SULEO HAIR EMULSION will clear the most heavily infested head. *Rapid in action—harmless to hair and scalp—non-irritant—undetectable after use.* Guaranteed completely non-inflammable.

SULEO the SAFE remedy

Obtainable from all Chemists 2/2 a bottle

IT'S A JEYES PRODUCT

MARY'S *Mystery Men*

Mary never invited her boy friends in. And when I told her we'd like to meet them

"Home's so dull," she said. But I said, "Wait and see," because I knew the very thing to tempt them home

IT'S GRAND TO MEET YOU AT LAST MRS. LYNE
THIS IS THE NICEST WAY TO END AN EVENING
HAVE ANOTHER CUP, BILL?
THIS DRINKING CHOCOLATE IS SUPER

CADBURY'S *Drinking Chocolate*

Cadbury's to round off the evening
Rich, sweet, smooth, Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate.
Real chocolate, just like you used to get.
And, it's so easy to make—I'll never be without it again

(Note to wise housewives: always keep a tin in the store-cupboard!)

1/4 A HALF POUND TIN

EDITORIAL

The Queen speaks

At three o'clock on Christmas afternoon the Queen will speak to all her people for the first time.

As she speaks, the thoughts of the 14,500,000 families in Great Britain and millions more in the Commonwealth will turn to Christmases Past.

They will remember the messages of her father and her grandfather, at this moment at the heart of Christmas.

MANY will remember the first broadcast, in 1932, when King George V sat at his hearthside in Sandringham House and began with the words: "Through one of the marvels of modern science, I am enabled this Christmas Day to speak to all my people throughout the Empire."

And all will recall last year's moving message, when King George VI successfully struggled with his mortal sickness to bring comfort and cheer to those who did not know how gravely ill he was. Christmas is a time when we should count our blessings, he said: ". . . the blessings of home, the blessings of happy family gatherings, and the blessings of the hopeful message of Christmas."

H.M. THE QUEEN
. . . this Christmas challenge

With his example before her and with the advantage of her youth, Queen Elizabeth II would be a fortunate monarch even without her other qualities.

It is this spirit of youth, so often curbed by those who have lost it, that is needed by our country at this time. There are those who believe that the British lion is no longer able to compete with the bears and eagles of the world. But they are wrong.

THE British Commonweath, living together in the unity of free association, is an example to the rest of the nations.

Our scientific and cultural achievements are still unmatched. The healthy faces of our children shine brighter than ever before in our history and than anywhere else in the world.

Under the banner of our young Queen, we shall go forward to even greater achievements.

BUT King George V, in his Christmas Day message of 1933, made a point which is even more important today: "The gifts of modern science are useless without the sanity, patience and goodwill of all my peoples."

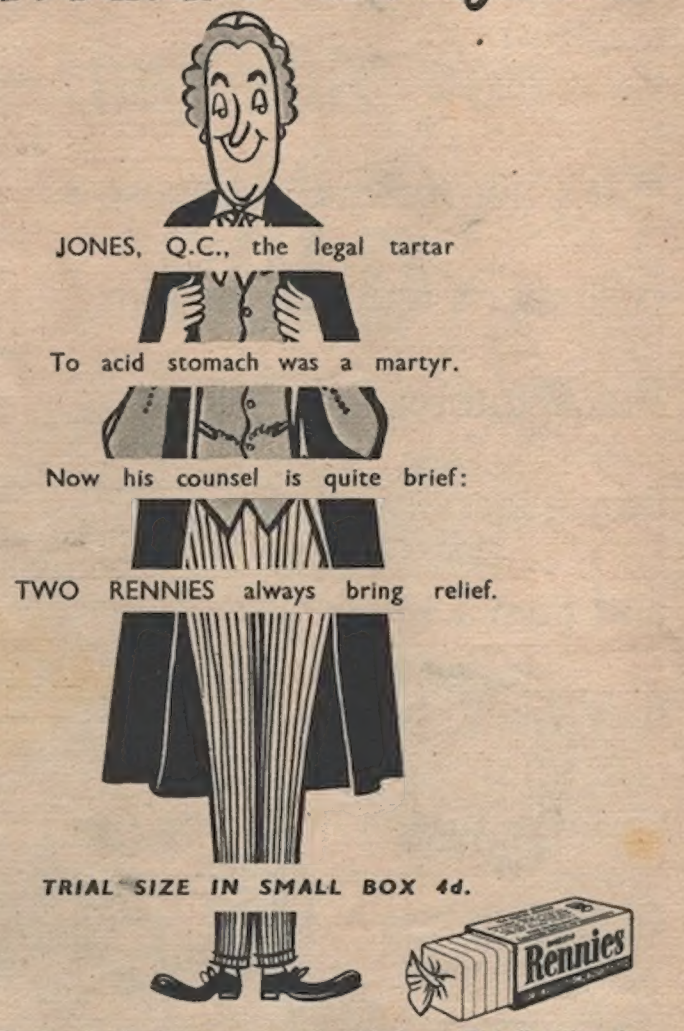
Sanity, patience and goodwill were never more sorely needed. The challenge of the time to Britain is to lead the world in these.

With a Queen so fresh and youthful at our head, we shall rise to this Christmas challenge.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

KENNETH JOHN PETTS'S Christmas painting is inspired by his own family. "We like an old-fashioned family gathering," he says, "and for my two children—Jean and John—grandmother takes pride of place. In fact, they are more anxious to give her their gifts than to open their own." Jean sat with her grandma to pose for the picture; the others are not true to life. Petts hastens to add that he has "aged" his mother to some extent.

2 short sentences on Indigestion


JONES, Q.C., the legal tartar
To acid stomach was a martyr.
Now his counsel is quite brief:
TWO RENNIES always bring relief.
TRIAL SIZE IN SMALL BOX 4d.
Rennies

Just suck 2 Rennies slowly, like sweets—and suddenly you'll realise that the pain is gone! If Rennies don't relieve your indigestion it's high time you saw a doctor. Trial size 4d. Other sizes available everywhere at 2/10d., 1/7d., and 10d.

Why are you so irritable?

"Am I? I thought it was you! I suppose it is because we are both feeling nervy and run-down."

"*And it may be that we are beginning to feel our age. We shall never see forty again.*"

"Over forty! Why didn't I think of it before—Phyllosan! Remember how much good Phyllosan did us during the war?"

"*Why, certainly I do! It makes me feel better just to think of it! I'll get a large bottle today and we'll both start taking the tablets right away.*"

"If we remember to take them regularly, Phyllosan tablets will soon revive our energy and spirits and put our nerves in order. They did it before and they'll do it again!"

PHYLLOSAN

fortifies the over-forties

by restoring digestive and metabolic tone

strengthening the nerves and increasing energy

Of all chemists, 3/8, 6/-, **NEW 12/6 SIZE,** *and* 22/4

"It's not for me to choose a customer's light ale for him. But Whitbread's is what they generally ask for, and then I know they know what's good. Whitbread's Pale Ale pours clean and clear to the last drop."

It stands out—

the best of the light ales is a

WHITBREAD

WHITBREAD & CO. LTD., 27 BRITANNIA STREET, KING'S CROSS, LONDON W.C.I.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
DECEMBER 27, 1952 VOL. 92 NO. 2426 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

A change in the climate

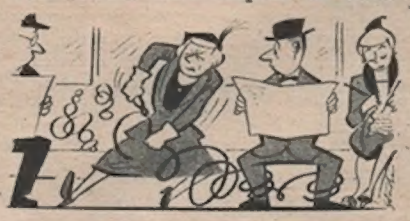
BRITAIN seems to be getting colder and wetter for longer periods of the year, and at the wrong times. Forty years ago, when I was a boy, the seasons were sharply defined. Now we get spring droughts, east winds in summer and constant rainfall in autumn. Winter stretches into April. On my smallholding it has been impossible to get on the ground since October. Four years ago my hens could dustbath under their house in December. But for three winters the soil everywhere has been waterlogged.

Experts have said that wartime explosions, and the atomic experiments in the Pacific, have not affected the climate. But I cannot believe that masses of earth and water can be disturbed without causing atmospheric changes. Being a gardener I take an interest in the weather. In this part of England it *is* deteriorating.—F. H., Kent.

Memory of weather is unreliable, comments a meteorologist. London weather records (a useful guide to S.E. England) show that, in the past forty years, springs and autumns have been getting milder. There have been as many cold winters as mild ones. Twenty-eight autumns since 1900 have been dry. There is no direct evidence to show that explosions affect climate. The years from 1914 to 1918 were exceptionally wet. The years from 1941 to 1944 were generally drier than the peaceful years of the thirties.

Rush Hour Riddle

HAVING spent years watching women knit, sew, crochet, and even mend clothes on trains, I thought I was immune from surprise on these



journeys. But recently, in a crowded tube train, a woman got on, sat down, and took lengths of wire and a pair of pliers from her bag. She spent the journey cutting and twisting the wires into various shapes.—M. MILLER, Ellesmere Road, London, N.W.10.

Personality Girls

EACH assistant working in a large shop in this town wears a brooch with her name printed upon it. This doesn't help the customer much, but provides that personal touch so often lacking in the big stores.—GWYNETH NIXON, Stoneleigh Avenue, Acklam, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

Table-top Trees

I ENJOYED Dudley Hoys's story *Hannah And The Orange Tree* (JOHN BULL, November 29), and I wonder if I could grow a tree from an orange pip. Are the instructions in the story sufficient?—MRS. E. HOWE, Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

Set pips in a small pot of fibrous soil. Moisten the soil throughout summer and sparingly in winter. If possible, give powdered oilcake as manure in spring and autumn. Keep in a warm room at a steady temperature, and constantly cut back tap root and shoots. Acorns, and the seeds of apple, pear, peach, plum and cherry, can be grown in this way. But much patience is needed.

Christmas Spirit

LEAVING a restaurant, a friend of mine found that the chain had been stolen from his bicycle, which he had left outside. He went home by bus and sent the bicycle on by rail. When it arrived at his local railway station it had been made mobile once again. British Railways, apparently under the impression that the chain had been lost while the bicycle was in their charge, had substituted another.—E. A. HEWSON, Springfield Road, Castle Bromwich, Birmingham.

Novel Title

AFTER reading the first instalment of Audrey Erskine Lindop's novel *The Singer, Not The Song*, I wondered how she arrived at such an intriguing title. — MISS C. MACGREGOR, Acre Place, Nairn, Scotland.

"It is my philosophy," says Miss Lindop, "that people count more than the causes for which they struggle. Hence the emphasis in the title on character, rather than cause." This week's instalment of "The Singer, Not The Song" begins on page 16.

The Last Call

MARY BALL, the S.P.G. missionary whose life story was published in JOHN BULL last December and January ("I Loved A Wicked City"), has died at her post at a hospital in Africa.—REV. DEWI MORGAN, Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, 15 Tufton Street, London, S.W.1.

Mary Ball was born in 1895 in the Orange River Colony, Africa, where her father was an S.P.G. missionary. She trained in England to be a nurse, and offered to go to Africa for the Society. Instead, she was sent to China and worked in Tatung—the "Wicked City"—for twenty-five years. Mary Ball died on December 1, from heart failure, at the hospital mission of St. Michael's, Batlharos, Kuruman, South Africa.

TAKE IT FROM ME

by JIMMY EDWARDS

in JOHN BULL January 10

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

The Eskimo type of beauty, abounding with health and vitality. Minny Klenbenker (right) is a descendant of the first white man to live in the Arctic

I LIVED WITH THE ESKIMOS (2)

WHERE WOMEN ARE THE SLAVES OF MEN

by ROGER BULIARD

They need not love and cherish, only obey and serve. An Eskimo treats his wife with contempt, but he hates to be without one

MANNA, A MILD, innocent-looking Eskimo woman, expected a child. One day she disappeared. When I saw her again I was surprised to observe nothing on her back, or under her parka. I discreetly inquired of a friend about Manna's child. "Gone," the Eskimo answered quietly. "Because it was a female."

Child murder is still a common thing among the Eskimos of my parish in the Canadian Arctic. At one time, two-thirds of the baby girls were murdered, because a tribe needs only a small proportion of women to survive.

It is not so bad now, but it still goes on. Once I was told that a woman named Imnek was sick. When I paid her a visit to see what I could do, I was struck by the fact that her nurses, other Eskimo women, were quite embarrassed and self-conscious. They met me at the door and kept me away from the pallet on which the sick woman rested, assuring me that Imnek was quite all right. Over their shoulders I saw Imnek's face and noticed that she was terribly pale and that her features were drawn with pain. But apparently I was not wanted, so off I went.

A few days later, seated at my desk, I overheard voices in the next room. "The Father, you know," one woman said, "came in just at the moment they were getting rid of the

An Eskimo child. A girl has to be born at the right moment to be allowed to live at all

child. They just had time to hide it when he came in the door." There followed some boisterous laughter. It was a good joke to them.

Of all the Eskimo practices that offend the white man, the most distressing is certainly the slaughter of newly born children. But when a white man protests, the Eskimo thinks he is just an ignoramus. "You see," he will explain, "women are not hunters. They are of no help in providing meat. On the contrary, in bad times, a girl is just another mouth to feed, and a useless one!"

Turuk, an Eskimo hunter, was travelling when his wife gave birth to a child which he had reason to believe was not his. When he returned, he glanced at the infant, seized it by the feet, went outside and, with a terrible cry of *"Han!"* killed it, while his terrified son, five years old, looked on.

Think They Are Practical

One day I was congratulating Katik. "Well, Katik," I said. "Two boys and two girls also. What a nice family!"

"Oh, I had another one, too," Katik said, smiling. "But he died."

Politely, I inquired: "Really? Was he sick?"

Katik looked at me, the unphrased comment *"ignoramus"* in her eyes, then laughed and said: "Gone, *Falla* [the nearest they can get to "Father"]. Because it was summer."

I gently withdrew. By that time I was used to the phrase and, in a way, used to the Eskimo idea. They think, of course, that they are just being practical. It is summer, the season when the Eskimo family is eternally on the move, and too hard to care for the baby; or the baby is a girl, and who wants a girl? If a woman gives birth to twins, the situation is awkward. There is only room for one inside the mother's parka on her back. The other one will have to go. According to Eskimo reasoning, Nature made the blunder, and they are right to rectify it.

I once asked a woman parishioner: "How many children have you had so far—all told?"

"The first . . . hum! Arnaogman. Because she was a girl. The second . . . here he is. The third . . . hum! Gone! Because it was summer. The fourth, this one. After him, two girls." Times must have got better, for the girls were in the crowd at the mother's feet. All told, I finally learned that she had borne a total of ten children, of whom two had died of natural causes, four more having disappeared "because it was summer" or "because it was a girl."

The Eskimos are a race of men. Their opinion of women is not high. Only a few girl babies are permitted to live, and when they grow into women they carry no weight whatever in Eskimo society.

Baby Girls Are Pledged

Yet to be without a wife is the greatest misfortune that can befall the Eskimo hunter, and his first concern, when wifeless, is to get himself a mate. The search for his wife begins early, while he is still a baby. Then his father is already making arrangements with another couple, persuading them to reserve a girl for the boy. And if the father succeeds in getting a girl pledged to his son, he feels that he has discharged all of his responsibilities, for he has provided the lad with the first essential of Arctic life—an igloo keeper.

The males considerably outnumber the females, and it is inevitable that many men will be without wives. Of such a fate the Eskimo hunter is terrified. Primitive as he is, his conception of life is close to animal instinct and the need for a woman makes the Eskimo dangerous. Like the walrus, fighting to the death for his harem, the Eskimo forgets his caution when the possible prize is a woman. And because he understands the poor bachelor's problems and the desperate lengths to which his comrade may be persuaded to go in order to get a woman, the Eskimo is willing and even eager to lend

How an Eskimo mother carries her baby inside her clothing. He lives like this for three years.

his wife to alleviate the trials of celibacy or to sew for a comrade and do his chores.

A wife is not only a mate for the Eskimo. She is his helper, his absolutely necessary working companion, without whom he is comparatively helpless, or, at any rate, uncomfortable and overworked. For a time, of course, the unmarried Eskimo manages to mend his own fur clothes, to tend his stone lamp, and to do his own cooking, but he cannot go on for ever, hunting, trapping, travelling, and still doing the domestic chores. In addition, the others laugh at him, and he cannot stand that.

Soon, he will either find a wife or move into a comrade's igloo—into trouble. If he is lucky enough to find a wife, he slides into the prescribed Eskimo life pattern. He, the man, will build the igloo; she, the woman, will tend it. He will kill the seal, she will dry out the blubber and keep the lamp filled with oil. He will kill the caribou, she will tan the skin and fashion their clothes. To him, the rifle, the knife, the dogs, the whip and the right to give orders. To her, the lamp, the cooking, the sewing. For an Eskimo woman to think of assuming even the most trifling male prerogative would be unthinkable. She is never allowed to forget that she did not promise to love and cherish, but to obey and serve.

For the Eskimo man there are advantages to this system. He may be a wretched fellow, a poor hunter despised by the others, laughed at when they go for caribou, scorned for his lack of skill with the rifle. But in the evening, when he returns to his igloo, he is king—the unquestioned master. He slips off his outer clothing and lets it drop to the floor. His wife picks it up, shakes the snow from the garments, and folds them neatly. Then he sits down on the skin bed—the *iglek*—and relaxes while he waits for the woman to serve him his meat and tea.

He can do as he pleases. He would be shocked, then bewildered, if you suggested that his wife was entitled to some consideration. She is obligated to him, yes; but not he to her. To any question about his family obligations he answers simply, *"Agutagomalonin"* ("Am I not a male?").

Father Decides Her Fate

His contempt for women is boundless. One day, sitting in an igloo beside my Eskimo host, I played with a little pup that wormed its way into the snowhouse, sniffing at some rubbish on the floor. "What is it?" I asked.

"Arna . . ." ("A female. A bitch").

He would have used the same word—*arna*, a bitch—to designate his wife or his daughter.

Sometimes a baby girl may be born at the right moment. She may be the first baby girl in that family. Or she may be reserved for the little boy next door. Perhaps the family happened to have struck it rich just before her birth and be living in abundance. Perhaps the father just feels good that day. For whatever reason, the man decides, "Let her live." And she is spared the fate of her sisters.

At five she is a tiny, chubby thing, hardly able to remember events from one moment to the next, but she already has been assigned the task of getting clean snow with which to make drinking water, or to freshen the dirty floor. At

Then he moves out to make room for another

seven and eight, she is already a servant, helping with the chores, and she understands the kind of life that is in store for her. It is a grim future, a deadly one, but, in spite of that, the round-faced Eskimo child, in her leisure time, fondles a clumsy, crude little doll made of bits of old skins, carrying it on her back, the way her mother carries children, amusing herself, as all children do, by imitating grown-up ways.

But soon the doll is put aside and the little girl is put to work. Her real servitude has started, and it will end only with the grave. At twelve, she is a plaything, lent or abused, and at fourteen she is married. At that time, she is not without physical charm. Her body has not yet been bent by toil. She is filled with health and her carriage is light and free. Her figure sings of youth and well-being. And now that the old tattoos have been more or less abandoned, her face has a feminine charm.

But, whatever a girl's looks, they make little difference so far as her future is concerned. Charm, beauty, goodness, even age, are never taken into consideration where marriage is concerned. Often the marriage is settled even before the girl is born; she has been pledged to a boy in the camp, and, indeed, may owe her very life to that fact. If she has not been reserved for a particular man, then her father's wish will be the deciding factor. He may marry off a fourteen-year-old girl to a notorious old reprobate. A beauty may be handed to a hare-lip, a sensitive little thing to a brute. These are details, and of no importance.

As to her personal preference, the Eskimo girl is never consulted, although among converts to Christianity liberty of choice in marriage is guaranteed, and once the girls understand that choice is possible, natural preferences, long submerged, do appear.

This new liberty for women is not always achieved without fireworks. I once found myself with small-scale revolution on my hands. A marriage had been arranged between two of our converts, and I was duly advised of the betrothal. But the set-up looked suspicious to me, for the bride did not seem a bit enthusiastic. Sure enough, on the morning of what was to have been her wedding day, she came into the mission house, shedding bitter tears.

"What's the matter?" I asked her.

"I Am Promised To Him"

She hung her head, dabbing at her eyes, and confessed that she loathed that "no good fellow" to whom her parents had promised her. But she found it hard to go against the Eskimo code of conduct and admit that she hated him. In any case, she said: "*Ayornarman*—it can't be helped. I am promised to him."

"Perhaps you have another preference?" I asked quietly.

Her eyes brightened, and she smiled. "Oh, yes, *Falla*! And he wants me, too, I know."

"How do you know?" I asked.

She smiled coyly. "Oh, well, *Falla*," she said, "one simply knows, that's all."

"All right," I said, "we'll see. Now go and bring your father to me."

She came back with the old man, a hard-faced, stolid Eskimo who was nevertheless a staunch convert. I explained as carefully and gently as possible the Christian attitude towards love and marriage. He listened carefully. Then he scratched his head.

"You mean, *Falla*, the woman can decide?"

"Of course," I said.

"It is ridiculous!" he protested. "Why should the Long Robes worry about women? Are not the Long Robes men themselves?" Long Robes was the obvious name which our cassocks had earned us.

"Women are people. They have souls just as men do."

"Well, *Falla*," the old man said, "of course I will do as you say. But please don't get me involved in it. It is against our custom. The others will not approve."

I held a council of war, getting together in the mission house all the interested parties. I explained the Christian rule, and then, in an atmosphere colder than the air outside, which was forty below, I cancelled the first betrothal, announced the second and married those two lovebirds that same night. I had the benefit of surprise, and everything went off well.

Like A Suburban Wife

However she marries—by free choice or by pre-arrangement—the Eskimo girl of fourteen or fifteen wakes up one morning, a woman now, and sole mistress of her igloo. She is as proud and happy as a newly married girl anywhere in the world, and just as anxious to show off her new home, even though there is nothing in it but a stone lamp, some chipped cups and pots and an ounce or two of trade-store tea. Her greatest treat is to invite the neighbouring women for tea and to show off the skin clothes she is making—just like any suburban housewife.

But the novelty and romance soon disappear as the Eskimo wife begins to realize what a burden of work she has also married. There are meals to prepare, clothes to sew, the stone lamp that needs constant attention, seals to skin, blubber to pound, meat to cut, skins to stretch and scrape, dogs to feed, to hitch up, to beat when they are bad—always something, always work, and, of course, never the least bit of tenderness, the slightest hint of thanks.

When the time comes for her to have a baby there is none of the excitement or preparation

Continued on page 20

Roger Buliard during his fifteen years among the Eskimos. When he urged that a bride should choose her husband, he nearly started a revolt

The Mission at Coppermine, centre of Buliard's work. It was here that a girl convert was saved from marriage to a man she loathed and feared

All creatures great and small

by ***PIA AINSWORTH***

He was a wild, frightened little boy, and he belonged to the slums. Kindness did not have any effect on him—neither, it seemed, did the prospect of Christmas . . .

SIR GEORGE WORSLEY, helping himself to bacon and scrambled eggs and studying the heavy sky, suddenly realized that his wife was speaking to him and that she sounded upset.

"What am I to do with that boy? You brought him here and you must help me. I'm absolutely in despair. . . ."

Sir George liked to spend his breakfast twenty minutes reviewing in his mind the day that lay ahead, but the urgency in his wife's voice caught his attention. He forced his wandering thoughts back to the present and looked at her affectionately. She was still speaking.

"He's been here a week and eats practically nothing and won't be touched. He—he almost snarls when I try to pet him. Cook has tried, too. I thought she might know how to handle him. She's a motherly soul at heart. You see. . . ." Her voice was a little unsteady. "If we'd had any of our own, I might have had the right approach."

George laughed and crossed the room to pat his wife's thin shoulder and drop a kiss on her neat, grey head. "'The right approach' indeed! The boy's not an international situation! Surely, if you keep reminding yourself that he is nine years old and that he has been bitterly ill-used, surely just kindness and patience. . . ."

"You're wrong, George," she said slowly. "Kindness isn't enough, and as for patience, he mistakes that for weakness. I suppose if you've been brought up on blows and curses you don't understand anything else."

"Nonsense, my dear. The boy went to school and was normally treated there. His teacher said he was a bright kid. In fact it's because his teacher saw the bruises and reported them that the foster parents were brought up before me. Anyway, what happened to cook?"

"He kicked her and called her an old bitch."

Sir George tried to stifle his smile; and at that moment the door burst open. A small boy shot in and dived under the breakfast table. Two seconds later, Mrs. Murphy's bulky figure appeared in the doorway. Her face was scarlet and she was out of breath. "You wicked young devil!" she shouted. "Come out from under there, will ye!"

Sir George watched, astounded, as, unsteadily, she went down on all fours and tried to crawl under the table. The child darted out on the far side and stood poised for flight, defying her. "Garn, you old fat fool!" he shouted. "Just you try and catch me."

Adelaide Worsley was quick to sense the fear behind this outburst and once again, as she looked at the skinny little figure, the rough hair and the scowl on the white face, her throat tightened almost uncontrollably. Nevertheless, she knew she must tackle the situation with firmness. She walked round the table, holding out her hand.

"Come and tell me what is wrong, Derek. And you, Cook, do get up. Come along, Derek!" To her surprise, he followed her from the room and into the library.

"Now, Derek?"

The boy looked at her sullenly.

"Why was Mrs. Murphy so angry, Derek?"

"She's always washing me. I ain't a baby. I wash myself when I need washing."

"That's not the reason, Derek. Now, come along, tell me, and we'll try and put it right."

"She's an old fool!" muttered the boy.

Adelaide was angry. "No, Derek!" she said, very sternly, "she is nothing of the sort! She is a kind, good woman and she only wants to do the best she can for you."

There was another pause, during which the boy made a great show of kicking the design on the carpet. His next remark was unexpected. "She's always talking about God!"

"And what is wrong with that?" asked Adelaide. She prepared herself for a homily, but felt pitifully ill-equipped for it. She needn't have worried. The boy had his own way of escape. He began to jig about from one foot to another and his face assumed an expression of acute distress.

"Please could I be excused?" he cried, urgently, and before Adelaide could reply, was off at a run.

WITH a sigh, she went back to the breakfast-room. George was alone, placidly spreading his last corner of toast with the last scraping of marmalade left in the pot. He looked up as she entered and said, before she could speak: "We'll talk about it tonight, my dear. I shall miss my train. I must be off."

"We are out the whole evening, George."

"Yes, so we are. But in that case what about the boy? We can't leave him alone. That's quite out of the question."

"No, of course not, George. Alice, cook's niece, is coming in to sit with him. She's a nice, friendly girl and she used to be a nursemaid for a while before she joined the army. She's home on Christmas leave."

George grinned. "I don't somehow feel that a nursemaid is quite what is needed," he said. "Still, he'll be in bed, I suppose. She can read to him." He folded his newspaper and prepared to make his exit, but his wife had not quite finished with him. "There's something else, George. I'm worried about old Hans. I can't bear to think of him spending Christmas alone in that cottage of his."

"Why should he? He gets on very well with the lads of the village. Always goes to the local for his pint every night. After all, he learned his English from them mostly. Why the blazes should he spend Christmas by himself? You are taking all the worries of the world on your back this morning, my dear."

Adelaide handed him a clean handkerchief. "But since his wife died, he's been so lonely——"

"Save it, my dear, will you? Tell me some other time. I've got to run now."

Adelaide watched him go and went over to her writing-table. On the back of a used Christmas card she wrote: "Remind George—gardener—Christmas Day" and propped it up in front of the inkwell.

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

ALICE looked at the little sleeping figure in the big bed. The room, with a fire burning in the old-fashioned grate, was warm and cheerful and the boy seemed to be asleep. A certain young sergeant of B.A.O.R. had arranged a record for her in *Family Favourites* and she was determined to listen to it. It would only take twenty minutes or so and, if she locked the door, the boy could come to no harm.

She crossed to the window and opened the heavy velvet curtains. Frost traceries were forming on the panes and the first flakes of the snow that had hung in the sky all the day were beginning to float down in the still, cold air.

"It's snowing," she cried, delightedly. "I do like a white Christmas, don't you, Derek?"

There was no reply. She tip-toed to the bedside and gently adjusted the eiderdown. "We can build a snowman tomorrow. You'll like that now, won't you?" She bent, looked closely at the sharp little face on the pillow. The eyes were closed and the lashes, which were unusually long and silky, lay quietly on the white cheeks. She smiled and, very softly, left the room, turning the key behind her.

The boy was not asleep, but lay cowering in the big bed, not daring to open his eyes. The firelight threw queer shadows: strange, menacing shapes on walls and ceiling. The room was so huge it could be full of enemies and they could all creep up on him from the dark corners and be on him before he could see them or have time to scream. He longed for his pile of old blankets under the stairs at home. There you could, at least, feel three walls around you, one at each side and one behind so you only had to watch one direction. Here, it was like being put to bed in the middle of a field; you couldn't watch all the corners at once.

He put his head under the clothes. That was better for a minute, but then he realized that They could creep up and hold him under till he choked and he'd never even seen Them.

He looked out. The fire had fallen together

Delicious, tempting smells were drifting out from the pan. The boy could ignore them no longer. "Ain't you got a woman to do that?" he asked

and the bright flames had subsided to a red glow. It was very dark and still. He began to shake uncontrollably. He was not cold but the nervous twitching of his limbs grew worse, until he was trembling so violently that the mattress creaked. He got out of bed and went to crouch in the hearth, but even the heat of the fire failed to stop the shivering. He began to feel sick and terror took hold of him. He ran to the door, wanting human company. Even cook, the old stinker, would be better than this awful silence.

But the door was locked. Like a trapped animal, he began to scratch at the side of the lock, crying convulsively and shivering harder than ever. No one came and the heavy mahogany was cold to his frantic hands, unyielding, terrifyingly impersonal. He ran to the window, opened it and, without quite realizing what he was doing, dropped to the roof of the porch, and from there to the ground.

The fall shook him and the snow, now lying to a depth of two inches, numbed his bare feet and drenched through his pyjamas. He began to run away from the house. He had no clear idea where he was going, just away. The snow was falling heavily, and large, fat flakes swirled into his eyes. Twice he tripped, collided with isolated shrubs and finally fell headlong into a rambler rose.

He raised his voice and howled, loud, rending sobs of despair and terror, and picked himself up and stumbled on into the darkness. And then a man's voice, a very deep bass, said: "Well, now! What have we got here?" and he felt himself hoisted up to what seemed a great height from the ground and carried into the brightly lit kitchen of a small cottage.

Either from astonishment or extreme panic, he stopped howling and was as silent and still as a trapped animal shamming dead.

He looked up at his captor and thought him the largest man he had ever seen. He kept silent, awed, as the man lowered him into a chair, peeled off his soaking pyjamas, dried him and wrapped him in a blanket.

Old Hans was silent, too, and even managed to suppress an exclamation at sight of the dreadful marks on the thin body. Derek, who found he was not afraid of the old man, was somewhat disappointed. He wanted his sufferings to be noticed. He poked a skinny arm out of the blanket. "She done that," he remarked informatively, scanning the old man's face with bright, monkey eyes.

Old Hans pretended not to hear. "What's your name?" he asked.

Silence.

"Oh, well, it matters not," said the old man calmly. "I shall call you Tich."

"Tich." The boy was intrigued despite his determination not to be won over. "You talk funny," he said. "Where'd you come from?"

"Never mind where I come from. I live here now and look after the garden for Sir George."

"Who's he?"

"All this place belongs to him. You are staying in his house."

"You mean the beak that brought me away from court?"

"Yes, the beak." The old man grinned, a

She bent and looked closely at the sharp little face on the pillow. "We can build a snowman tomorrow. You'll like that now, won't you?" she said. There was no reply

warm and friendly grin, and fancied he saw the faintest answering gleam on his captive's face.

There was silence again while old Hans busied himself arranging wet pyjamas before the fire. When he had finished, he said: "Well, I was just going to have my supper when I heard you. Are you hungry?"

The boy sniffed. He'd been bribed with food before.

In the corner of the little room stood a small gas cooker, all spotless white enamel and gleaming taps. Old Hans took a frying pan, some bacon, potatoes and onions and slowly and carefully began to dice and then fry them.

Delicious, tempting smells began to come from the pan. Derek could not ignore them, but he was not yet ready to lower his flag.

"Ain't you got a woman to do that? Cooking's for women."

"My missus died a year ago, so I must cook or go without. What would you do?"

The boy nodded. The argument seemed perfectly reasonable. He began to approve of his host and the smell grew more and more irresistible. He surrendered. He demolished a sizeable helping together with several hunks of bread, drank some scalding coffee and then said graciously, in response to old Hans's inquiry: "It was all right."

From the corner of the dresser came a soft and sleepy twittering. The child stopped abruptly, staring at a cage, shrouded in a dark cloth.

"What's that?"

"That is Joey. We have woken him up." He removed the cloth and there, blinking sleepily from the bottom of the cage, was a blue budgerigar.

The boy slid down from his chair and, clutching his blanket, crossed to the dresser.

"Why don't he sit on his perch?" he asked.

"He does sometimes, but he gets tired. You see, he has only one foot." Old Hans opened the cage door and pushed in a large hand with the forefinger extended. Unhesitatingly but rather clumsily, helping himself with his wings, Joey flopped on to the finger, gripping it with his one foot. "Good night, Joey. Joey go to bed," he remarked, and then continued his drowsy little song, snuggling down against the warmth of the old man's hand.

FOR a moment the boy gazed at the bird, smiling the absorbed and happy smile of interested childhood. "Somebody hurt him," he said. "Who done it?"

"Nobody hurt him. He had an accident and I nursed him better. He manages all right now. He's a clever fellow. He can sing 'God Save The King' and I'm teaching him 'Silent Night.' I reckon he'll just about know it for Christmas Day." He put the bird carefully back in the cage and covered him with the cloth.

Then he picked up the boy and carried him back to the fire. "The bird is up too late, and so are you. Come, I will tell you a story about another bird of mine, a robin." He settled the boy comfortably on his lap. "Shut your eyes," he commanded.

"Why?"

"So you can listen better. Now listen carefully. . . . But there was no need to continue. Derek's head nodded to the old man's shoulder and he was asleep.

Old Hans was up by six as usual, but this morning he had set his alarm so as to make quite sure. The boy must not wake and find himself alone and be frightened. He had made up the fire and was filling the kettle when the mound of eiderdown on the sofa stirred and he caught the fixed gaze of a pair of bright eyes.

"Hallo, Tich!" he said cheerfully. "How are we this morning?"

"O.K.," was the brief reply. Then, as his eyes fell on a neatly folded pile of clothes on a chair: "Them's my clothes."

"That's right. I fetched them for you. Had to

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During a break at an international conference, Pilley relaxes in the interpreters' box. He needs to be a mind reader as well as a bit of an actor

Teddy Pilley pierces the language barrier

by MURIEL SEGAL

His job as an interpreter means more than translating what the speakers say. He has to put over the thought behind the words

A RECENT FEW WEEKS in Teddy Pilley's life began with a conference on forestry in Helsinki. After three days of this he flew to Istanbul for an inter-Parliamentary meeting; from there he hurried to Jerusalem for a Zionist congress; then he flew to Holland for an agricultural conference; and he landed back home in London just in time to attend a dental congress.

Stocky, athletic-looking Teddy Pilley is an interpreter; there are so few people who can speak the five key languages of English, French, Spanish, German and Dutch with perfect fluency, and who have the gift of being able to interpret without effort, that he hops about Europe like a bee in a garden. To help him, he keeps two cars and a motor cycle on the Continent, parked wherever he has had to abandon them to take a plane. In addition, he likes to carry a folding motor-scooter with him to places where his own transport is not available.

His job is not merely to translate what speakers say, but also to know just what they are trying to put over and to convey the actual thought behind the words. He is so eloquent that people have congratulated him instead of the original speaker.

Feels He Is The Speaker

At a recent World Government conference in London, Pilley sat in his glass booth, waving his hand in an entreating gesture and talking quickly in his hoarse voice. He pleaded: "It's up to us women who are wives and mothers. . . ." Afterwards he said: "I feel that I really *am* the wife and mother whose speech I am translating." An interpreter has to be a thought-reader and something of an actor, as well as a trained speaker and, of course, he must possess an enormous "gift of the gab." There are only two hundred interpreters in the world who work at top-level conferences, and only sixteen in Britain. The best ones earn about £3,000 a year, and are kept as busy as they wish.

"There never have been as many conferences in the world as today," Pilley says. He regards this as a good sign of better understanding between nations, apart from the fact that they keep himself and colleagues busy at ten guineas a day and all expenses.

There are two methods of conference interpreting—simultaneous translation into a microphone connected to the headphones worn by delegates, or consecutive translation after the speaker has finished. Pilley prefers the latter because it gives more scope for conveying the intended meaning behind the words. He tells the story of a world-famous linguist who could get up and, without referring to a single note, translate a forty-minute speech. After one such performance, a delegate remonstrated: "But, Mr. Interpreter, that is not at all what I said." "Maybe not," he answered, "but that is what you *ought* to have said."

Pilley has found that the most momentous talks conducted by high-level statesmen are usually informal and unostentatious, but some trade conferences take themselves rather seriously. At a laundry conference held at Olympia, four trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards blew a fanfare right in Pilley's ear just as he was about to announce the delegates.

Teddy Pilley was born in France and hoped to become an international lawyer, but could not

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Mr. Haslet huddled dejectedly in his chair. The policemen sweated—and dug deeper and deeper

Mrs. Haslet's gone

by MICHAEL GILBERT

One moment she was there, only too plainly. The next she was gone—as clean as a whistle!

MR. HASLET was small, neat, and timid-looking. He had anxious grey eyes and a trick of humping his shoulders and sticking his neck out like a small tortoise: the result, no doubt, of long hours spent peering over his ledgers in the office near Whitehall where he looked after the letters J to L in a filing system.

Mrs. Haslet was large, flamboyant and bold. She was all reds and golds and strong, fleshy curves. She had no work to do, but plenty of pastimes. There was gossiping and coffee-drinking in the morning. There was going to the cinema in the afternoons. There was eating cream horns at the Old Dutch Tea Shop. There was bullying Mr. Haslet, when he got home at night. And there was the taking of patent medicines and tonics.

"Nobody knows the trouble I have with my inside," she used to say. "It's the worry, worry, worry all day long that does it."

An impartial observer would find it difficult to see exactly what it was Mrs. Haslet had to worry about. Her husband, who knew everything there was to know about J to L, was paid a handsome salary by a grateful government, and since he spent practically none of it on himself, there was quite a lot left for his wife; enough to pay for a daily woman to wash up the breakfast and tidy the house and make the beds and cook lunch for Mrs. Haslet and lay the fires and put supper ready for Mr. and Mrs. Haslet.

Mr. Haslet usually washed the supper things himself and got his own breakfast and cleaned his own shoes—a man must pull his weight in the house.

Perhaps it was the tonics that got Mrs. Haslet down. Some of them were certainly unpleasant to the taste, and the price of them was exorbitant. Really, as she said to her friends, Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Wilberforce, when she met them for elevenses—really, she hardly knew how the chemist dared to look her in the face when he told her the price.

"Doctor Murchison's Mucillage of Molasses. Nine shillings the small bottle, sixteen shillings the family size, contains twice as much."

"It is rather a lot," agreed Mrs. Potter, who

Mrs. Haslet sat up in bed and sipped her tea. "It's cold again," she complained. Mr. Haslet said he was sorry. Then he ducked out hurriedly

never, in the most deadly emergency, allowed herself more than a single aspirin.

"But there," said Mrs. Wilberforce, "where health's at stake, one mustn't count coppers."

"Very true," said Mrs. Haslet, and she calculated that if she cut down her husband's evening meal a little further—after all, he got a very good lunch at the office—she could just manage.

Fortunately, Mr. Haslet's amusements were not expensive. An occasional game of cribbage, for which Mr. Hornsea was his favourite opponent, or, as the evenings lengthened, an hour or two in his garden before he went to bed. He was a great gardener, and his happiest minutes were spent moving quietly and purposefully among his plants and fruit and vegetables, as if they were so many little Js and Ks and Ls to be tended and cared for. It was a nice garden, too, and secluded, being at the end of the row, with a thick hedge on one side and disused railway sheds on the other.

THIS was life for the Haslets until one Eastertime. Then—it was just about the time when the first flowers were being potted out into the beds—Mrs. Haslet disappeared.

One moment she was there; the next moment she was not. It was like a trick on the stage, the only difference being that when the lady disappears from the magic cabinet it provokes a round of applause. The disappearance of Mrs. Haslet caused nothing but trouble.

The most troubled, of course, was Mr. Haslet. He had left his wife, so he said, sitting up in bed, with her morning cup of tea.

"It's cold again," she had complained. Mr. Haslet had said he was sorry, then ducked out hurriedly for his train. When he got back at six o'clock, from a wrestle with particularly recalcitrant J, she was gone.

By seven o'clock he was perturbed; by eight o'clock he was worried. At nine o'clock he rang up the police. Mrs. Cleaver, who "did" for them, was sent for. She had little to tell. When she had arrived at ten o'clock that morning, Mrs. Haslet was already up and out. Her clothes and handbag and overcoat were gone. Mrs. Cleaver supposed that she had gone on a visit. Relatives were rung up, hospitals contacted. A paragraph appeared in the local papers.

Contrary to popular ideas on the subject, there was *not* an immediate conference of the heads of Scotland Yard followed by a nation-wide search. After all, women did disappear. Hundreds of them, every year. Most of them reappeared also, in due season.

Mrs. Haslet had gone. After a time you got used to the idea.

Mr. Haslet, who was, after all, the most closely concerned, went on worrying the longest. He did everything that a worried husband could possible be expected to do. But he couldn't desert the J to Ls for ever; and spring was ripening into summer, and that is a time of year when no true gardener ever has a moment on his hands.

A lot of the gardens were giving trouble that year. First there was too much rain. Then, when the rain had washed almost everything out of the shallow earth—for all the gardens down that road lay on a stratum of sandstone so near in places to the surface that gardening of any sort was a lottery—the sun came out and went on shining until such plants as had survived the flood started to wither up.

But Mr. Haslet's garden was a picture. His tulips, that mid-May, had to be seen to be believed.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Hornsea, who lived opposite, "it was the tulips that started it. I've never seen such a bed of tulips. All reds and golds and strong, fleshy curves. It was—it was almost indecent. But there was something else. Haslet got very jumpy about that bed. You couldn't help noticing it. It embarrassed him to speak about it. At first I thought it was just a nice feeling, that he didn't want to swank about his flowers when everyone else's were such a washout. Then it began to be something more. A good deal more. Almost an obsession. Mrs. Wilberforce, who lived next door, used to see him standing at his window, staring at that bed. 'There's something about it,' she said. 'It's haunting him.'"

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

RUMOURS are more easily started than stopped, and before the week was out everybody was certain what was in that bed.

Then Mrs. Wilberforce began to remember things. Lights and sounds in the garden—the night before Mrs. Haslet disappeared.

A lot of that was discounted, as Mrs. Wilberforce was known to have a hair-trigger imagination, but there was a background to it that couldn't be talked away; a history of quarrelling and nagging and plenty of the sort of motive which people found understandable.

"One can't help feeling sorry for the little man, in a way," said Mrs. Roper. "But just fancy—right outside the dining-room window. When I called last week he offered me a bunch of tulips. Of course, I refused——"

The police were the last to move. They exercised a certain proper professional caution. But in the end—it was a lovely evening in June—Inspector Porter called on Mr. Haslet.

Never in the history of investigation has a suspect condemned himself more utterly out of his own mouth.

When Inspector Porter mentioned Mrs. Haslet, Mr. Haslet made a series of statements so unconvincing that it seems doubtful if he

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Edmundo Ros moves on from the samba

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

The maestro of Latin American music is turning himself into a star one-man act. His TV success without his band means that his career is now galloping wildly in two different directions

ON A RAINY DAY this autumn a bus load of musicians stopped in front of a B.B.C. studio. In their haste to get inside the building one of them slammed the bus door on the hand of a tall, dark, teddy bear of a man called Edmundo William Ros. Ros's usually amiable features were contorted with pain, but he refused attention before the broadcast. A few moments later he was leading his band in a Latin American version of "It's A Question Of Mind Over Matter."

"This song," the injured orchestra leader told listeners, "suggests that if anything goes wrong you should count up to ten. I just had a door slam on my fingers. I didn't say a word but, believe me, I counted up to a hundred."

Ros, a 6 ft. 1 in. Venezuelan who weighs sixteen and a half stone, is adept at exercising control of mind over matter, and at improvising. He has schooled himself to go with a minimum of sleep so that he can lead an orchestra until almost dawn and then, after a few hours' rest, be at the desk where he directs his various enterprises. These include the management of a night club and the development of a new aspect to his career—the emergence of Ros as an individual entertainer without his orchestra.

For years a well-known night club and bottle party figure, Ros made his most successful bid for attention as an entertainer by appearing on TV's *Children's Hour*. Cecil Madden, who hired Ros for the programme, says: "Some people said I was mad. My idea was to surprise people, and it came off a hundred per cent."

Madden little knew the surprises in store when Ros became Uncle Edmundo. The day Uncle Edmundo suggested filling tea canisters with dried peas to make rhythm instruments, his young admirers dumped hundreds of pounds of precious rationed tea on floors, down drains and into dustbins. Irate parents deluged the B.B.C. with letters of protest. The climax came when Uncle Edmundo initiated his audience into the delights of the "Match Box Samba" and demonstrated the musical potentialities of a half-filled box of matches. Unfortunately, no one pointed out that the matches should be dead, or the box might burst into flames. More letters came, and a thoroughly surprised B.B.C. had to issue one of its embarrassing better-late-than-never warnings.

"Edmundo's effect on children was like that of a modern Pied Piper," says one broadcaster. "When he told them he had lost his pet parrot, they responded with 6,207 pictures of parrots, wooden parrots and even a stuffed parrot."

Ros's television appearances mark a stage in his career at which he seems to be galloping madly in two directions. His agent, Leslie Macdonnell, sees him as a future individual star without a band behind him. "There are a lot of people who don't like Latin American music, but who would like Edmundo Ros." At the same time, the gramophone record company for whom Ros has made 250 records is augmenting his orchestra to forty musicians for the American market.

Ros has reached the top earning class of British entertainers—he was paid £1,000 a week at Blackpool—but he has to share these sums with the band after deducting their expenses. A shrewd business man, he will undoubtedly keep on the road to fame and fortune with the same self-possession he displays either with or without his band. About the only time that he was almost reduced to a state of nerves was six years ago, when Princess Elizabeth danced in a night club for the first time.

As is the custom, Ros's orchestra never plays for more than one hour at a time. A relief band alternates with the Ros outfit to give the players a rest and the dancers a change of tempo. Ros was worried that the Princess might start to dance while he was off stage. Luck was with him, however, and the Royal party arrived while Ros and his men were playing. He confesses now that he cheated slightly and remained on the bandstand past the time for him to be relieved, until finally Princess Elizabeth began dancing to their music.

The Princess Was Amused

Ros was calm enough to bring the music to a graceful finish just as the Princess and her partner danced in front of him. But at that critical moment excitement got the better of him, and he found himself asking: "What would your Royal Highness like next? Something *fast* or something *quick*?" Princess Elizabeth smiled at the mistake and said she would leave the choice to the band. She stayed until after midnight, drinking orange squash and dancing to Edmundo's sambas, marchas and boleros.

Midnight, a time when princesses and ordinary folk are usually either in bed or on their way to it, is equivalent to late afternoon in the Ros day, for he plays for revellers until four in the morning. His life demands strict timing. Into twenty-four hours he is able to pack a series of engagements that may take him to a dance hall, a restaurant and a night club—with side excursions to make records, broadcast and play for private parties.

If he does not travel with his band, he usually arrives before them. At one broadcast he found himself in the studio with a programme due to start and only the pianist present, for the other players had been delayed by traffic. Any

Ros, at his initialled drums, leads his band through a samba at the Coconut Grove

Edmundo Ros met his Swedish wife through the tune "Rio." Here they play with their son

other conductor might have been tempted to cancel the show, but Ros was equal to the occasion. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "today we are going to do something different. You've all heard about musicians' sessions. Now we are going to demonstrate what goes on at one of them."

Without revealing that he was alone with the pianist, Ros explained that a session might start with someone strumming on the piano. At this moment a saxophone player turned up. "Now," Ros continued, "you'll hear the saxophone joining in." The saxophonist picked up his cue, and as the other bandsmen trickled in, their leader announced their presence as if they had been there all the time and were just now joining the session.

Until recently, Ros used the services of two orchestras to fulfil his daily round of engagements. When the first of these bands finished work at the Bagatelle at 2.30 in the morning, their leader would jump into his large black Buick and drive to the Coconut Grove, where a second combination waited for him. Ros stopped this practice after he became part-owner of the Coconut Grove, because he felt he was working against his own interests. "I was running in competition with myself," he says with his engaging smile. "Now I stay at the Coconut Grove all night."

Others have tried to emulate the success Ros enjoys, but none has been able to dislodge the original ruler of the samba empire. Edmundo Ros records sell more copies in Britain than those of all his rivals put together. In the American market Ros is one of the half-dozen British artists who have reached the top of the best-seller lists. "Edmundo," says Dick Rowe, of Decca, "made what the Americans call a 'magic' record. It was the 'Wedding Samba,' and it sold 800,000 copies."

Tastes have changed since the "Wedding Samba," and Ros is being launched as head of a forty-piece orchestra and choir. The experiment is based on the theory that people now buy records for the pleasure of listening rather than for dancing. Ros, who is willing to try anything, is not altogether happy about this trend. "The policy," he says, "is to make a record that hits you the moment the needle starts. The mood is for strings, so we add seventeen string instruments to the band."

Gift That He Never Uses

The seventeen strings, like the brass section of his regular fifteen-piece band, are commercial additions that Ros frankly admits are removed from the realm of Latin American music. However, Ros remains an international authority on this type of rhythm. His record collection is reputed to contain every rumba, conga or samba available, and he is also a collector of drums. He now owns fifty of them, including a pair of copper-bottomed Cuban ones made specially for him as a gift from the Spanish Music Centre in New York. These are so valuable that Ros has never used them.

Ros was born in Caracas, Venezuela, forty-two years ago of a Venezuelan mother, and a French-Canadian father, who had been adopted by a Trinidad family named Ross. Because "Ros" looked more Latin, Edmundo decided to drop the final "s." He is a serious student of music and attended the Royal Academy of Music in London on a Venezuelan Government scholarship. The grant was not over-generous, so the young music student supplemented it by playing the saxophone in the evenings with a small Cuban group. Normally, the Academy frowns on such extra-curricular activities. However, Ros's enthusiasm for Latin-American rhythms was so infectious that, far from reprimanding him, two of his instructors began composing in the Cuban idiom.

Drummer Leads The Band

Soon afterwards, Ros abandoned the saxophone and reverted to the drums. He played a pair of tiny ones called "bongoes," which he held between his knees. He was so obsessed with his drumming that when Cecil Madden, of the B.B.C. suggested that Ros should form an orchestra, the Venezuelan replied: "Me form an orchestra? How can a drummer lead a band?" Madden cited Gene Krupa as an example of drummer-conductor, and finally Ros decided to start his own group. He got together four fellow musicians and was hired by the New Cosmo Club for an engagement beginning August 8, 1940.

Now, August 8 is celebrated each year by a birthday dinner staged by Ros for members of the orchestra. One of them, Dudley Misso, is the sole survivor of the original band. According to Misso, Ros is unique among band leaders because he remains very close to his men, using the same dressing-room, paying holiday money and sharing his success with the band.

When Mrs. Ros gave birth to a baby boy one night last May, the bandsmen were the first to hear the news. Then Ros shared the glad tidings with the dancers. Stopping the music, he seized the microphone and declared: "I'm very proud to tell everybody I've just become the father of a baby boy." Ros was so excited and happy about the arrival of his son, Douglas, that he handed out fifty thirty-shilling cigars. He bought a £2,000 limousine for his wife.

The annual orchestra dinner is an unusual affair. At one of these, a photographer was astonished to find as a guest the current head of Scotland Yard. Intelligence chiefs from the War Office and the Air Ministry have also attended these banquets. Their presence has something to do with Ros's wartime activities. He is purposefully vague about the services he performed—they included the playing of certain pieces for the purpose of passing messages to secret agents—but they did earn him the friendship of men in high places.

Serenade For A Blonde

It was during the war that Ros learned the band-leader's art of remembering customers and their favourite tunes. Whenever one of President Roosevelt's sons entered a club where Ros was playing, he was sure to be greeted with "Stone Cold Dead In The Market Place." A more cheerful taste was shown by a blonde Swedish model who asked Ros for a melody called "Rio." The next evening that the Swedish girl came to dance, she was automatically serenaded on arrival with the strains of "Rio," and soon Ros found the opportunity to speak to her.

Her answer must have been encouraging, for not very long after they were married. Latin American music had not only brought Ros success and money, it had also found him a wife.

THE END

The Singer, not the Song

by AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Malo, his tyranny broken, waited patiently. He knew the priest was only human. He could destroy him yet—through Locha, no longer a child, but a woman in love

FATHER KEOGH'S housekeeper, Chela, had woken him up in the middle of the night with an appalling piece of news. Anacleto Comachi, who had tried twice to kill him, had broken out of jail.

At twenty-five, Comachi, nicknamed Malo, had an extraordinary record. A lithe and proudly handsome half-caste, his power in the Mexican village of Quantana had been absolute before Father Keogh's arrival. His network of terror and blackmail was all-pervading. The police could never prove anything against him.

But he had gone too far. In a ruthless attempt to drive Father Keogh out of the village, he had murdered innocent people, in alphabetical order, up to "K for Keogh."

Father Keogh had not budged an inch. Bit by bit he had gained a foothold in this village which, for fear of Malo, had jeered at priests. One by one, people were trickling back to church. Some of the élite still sat on the fence. Scholarly Don Pedro, the richest man in Quantana, and his bored American wife, Marian, were among them. But their little daughter, Locha, sometimes came to church, and Father Keogh had grown fond of the child. Pretty, wilful, precociously hungry for life, Locha had shown an unhealthy obsession—romantic, yet terrified—with Malo. Miss Finch, her English governess, was worried about it.

Finding that Father Keogh could not be intimidated, Malo changed his tactics. His gang was jittery, and wanted to shoot the priest in cold blood. But Malo knew that this would only strengthen the Church by giving it a martyr. He must find subtler ways of breaking him. Father Keogh's influence had gone deep: it had affected one of Malo's own men, Old Uncle Joaquin. Old Uncle had loved the Church in his childhood, was drawn to it still. Mad to prove his loyalty to Malo, he went berserk and tried to kill Father Keogh. Ironically, it was Malo who tried to stop him, and was arrested with him for attempted murder—a crime he had not intended.

But Quantana had only a short respite from trouble. Next night Malo's men blew up the jail; and Chela, beside herself with fear, rushed in to tell Father Keogh that Malo and Uncle Joaquin had escaped.

PART 5

Battle Of The Jail

LEAPING out of bed, Father Keogh said: "Go to your sister's house, Chela, at once!" Then he dressed and ran to the Plaza. The lights were all on in the town. It was almost impossible to shout above the noise. A shot whined past him, cracking open a plaster wall behind his head, and tiles clattered down from the roof. The ground was wet under foot and the rain beat against him in a steady, slanting stream. A mule slipped in the mud and rolled down on its rider. Father Keogh could not reach the man.

He was astonished to find himself greeted as if he were a long-awaited guest at a carnival. Men found time to embrace him and women clutched and kissed his hands. They seemed to regard the whole upheaval as a matter of personal congratulation to himself.

"Well, Father, this is a night for us, isn't it?"

"My word, Father, you've worked hard for this!"

"And we worked alongside you, didn't we, Father? Didn't you say that our prayers would be answered?"

He was completely nonplussed. Buffeted, bruised and embraced, he fought his way towards the smoking jail. It was some time before he gathered that the town had taken it upon itself to fight Malo's supporters.

He grabbed a man by the shoulders and shouted into his face: "Where is the *jefe*?"

The man pointed. "The chief of police is up by the fighting, Father. They are shooting it out with Old Uncle and the Bad One."

Father Keogh pushed his way through to the *jefe*. Now and again a cheer ran through the crowd like a ripple of wind through the grass.

"They have him! They have him!"

"Which one?"

"El Gordo."

Father Keogh's expression did not change. He came into the room as if he had seen nothing

HE saw that the two front walls of the jail had been blasted away and that one colonnade stood in half. Small puffs of smoke dissolved in the rain.

Behind a jagged shelf that the wall made he saw the *jefe* crouched in front of a group of men who fired into the steaming jail.

Father Keogh reached his side and shouted, "Anyone injured up here?"

"One of my men got your boy-friend down."

"Malo?" Father Keogh asked.

"No, the big fellow. Old Uncle Joaquin."

Father Keogh screwed up his eyes and peered towards the jail. A heavy figure lay stretched by the steps. He started to run towards it.

The *jefe* caught his sleeve. "Don't be a fool, Father. You can't get through this."

Father Keogh freed his arm. A young policeman knelt behind the wall with his gun at his shoulder. The *jefe* called out to him, "Cover the priest."

The policeman ran doubled up under the wall to where Father Keogh crouched. "Keep them busy if you can while I get across. I want to reach that man," said Father Keogh, and he pointed to the figure that lay by the steps.

Father Keogh edged his way round the wall. The young policeman covered him, firing before them.

In the half-shattered doorway of the jail Father Keogh saw three figures. At first he could not distinguish them until Malo's light form became clear. Lorenzo and Vito were both on one knee, firing at Malo's side.

Father Keogh reached Old Uncle. Bullets crossed over their heads. Old Uncle was shot through the stomach. Father Keogh realized that the dark mass that slid over his side was his bowels.

Father Keogh gently raised his head. "Old Uncle—say an act of contrition. Say it after me." Old Uncle's eyes were raised to his face. They were oddly alive in the lights from the town. The rest of his body felt already dead. Father Keogh had never seen the whites of Old Uncle's eyes untinged by red before. "Say an act of contrition after me. Old Uncle, this time you *are* dying." Father Keogh's voice was gentle.

Malo pulled Locha against him. He held her arms, and his mouth gave her lips no escape. It was a merciless kiss that took away all resistance

and his hand stroked the big man's head. He looked down into the eyes and saw that it was hatred that was keeping them alive. There was something else alive in them, too, it was fear.

Father Keogh spoke to that. "You are a very brave man, Old Uncle, but you are frightened to die. I can see that. I know the reason. You are frightened of dying without absolution. Don't deny your heart. What good can it do Anacleto if you die in darkness against your faith? Don't deny God for Anacleto. Don't deny him this last time. Die in peace. Die as you wish to die. Die in your faith."

Old Uncle's lips opened. They made a black hole in his face. He said, and it was no more than a whisper: "You will not escape Anacleto."

Father Keogh sat holding him several minutes after he was dead. . . .

The lights were still on when the day broke. They shone faintly, faded by the sun, forgotten in the confusion that still blocked the streets.

There were about a hundred and twenty minor, twenty-eight major and three fatal casualties. Two of the last were police officers. Old Uncle was responsible for one. Lorenzo for the second. In the town hall, Malo, Vito, Pablo, fat Porfirio and The Jeep were under guard. Outside, the crowd serenaded the priest.

THE *jefe* and Father Keogh shared a mug of coffee out of a flask. "I think this is your achievement, Father," the *jefe* said. "I must have been told a million times last night: 'The padre told us to pray and we did pray, and look at the fine results.' It started several little side fights, Father. Each one put in a claim for his own prayers."

"How has Malo taken it?"

"Comachi will never change. Isn't it odd that after every weapon we've tried against him he should be finally beaten by words?"

"By prayers," Father Keogh corrected him. "May I see him?"

"If you like," said the *jefe*. "I am sending them down under double guard to Hua. It's the happiest day of my life."

Malo sat handcuffed in a whitewashed room. He had nothing to say to the priest. Father Keogh drew a chair up towards him. Two guards were armed at the door.

Father Keogh spoke quietly. He told Malo that no soul was ever lost to God, and that God could be found in every man; no soul was ever unprotected once it found that God was within itself. He told Malo that no man was ever lost if there was one friend left to trust him. He offered to be that friend. Malo made no reply. He had nothing to say to the voice which had beaten him.

Father Keogh was shocked by his expression. He had never seen it before on Malo's face. It was as if Malo had inherited the look in Old Uncle's dying eyes.

The trial took place in Huapan. Father Keogh gave evidence on Malo's behalf. He recited the details of Old Uncle's attack and insisted that

FROM MY FAMILY ALBUM

THE year I was born, a tree was planted in our garden. It grew very quickly—far more quickly than I did—and I became very attached to it. At quite an early age I would scramble after my elder brother and sister, and together we would swing from branch to branch like a lot of monkeys.

Because I was very thin in those days, I was considered a weakling, although apart from tree-climbing my other mania was ballet dancing. But I was never robust till we moved to Twickenham, shortly after my tenth birthday. The change of air seemed to change me. From the rather pale, delicate child of seven shown in the photograph I became captain of games at school, taking an active part in athletics, swimming and hockey. Also, for

the first time, I really began to shine on the academic side of things.

At weekends, and during the holidays, I would go off on long cycling tours with school friends, staying at youth hostels along the way. Cycling, in fact, became a passion with me, despite several nasty spills.

Looking back, I think I made a special point of playing hard at games because I wanted to live down those first ten years. I did all I could to kill the idea that I was delicate. When a school doctor took one look at me and forbade me to play any games for three months, I was disconsolate.

In 1945, soon after I had taken matriculation, I heard about the postwar resumption of the National Athletic Championships for Women. I had never considered becoming an athlete, but the following year I joined a local club. That same summer, at the age of seventeen, I managed to win the British championship and finish fifth in the European Games in Oslo.

She is now a record-breaking British sprinter. *For her name, see page 29.*

upon that one occasion Malo was innocent. The *jefe*, Chela, and six policemen swore the opposite.

Lorenzo was sentenced to twenty years imprisonment. Malo, for once, was unable to pull strings and get the sentence reduced. But his own and Pablo's, Vito's, Porfirio's and the Jeep's he managed to get reduced to five years. Maria, Malo's woman, found work in Huapan. She wished to live close to the jail.

Father Keogh was in danger of physical collapse. There were banquets, receptions, national dances and a rodeo. He was allowed no moment's rest.

When he was given a little leeway, he went up to the Casa Grande and was congratulated by Don Pedro, gushed at by Doña Marian and warned by Miss Finch, "Do keep an eye on your clothes, Mr. Keogh—pieces of them will be in great demand as lucky charms after this!"

He was uneasy about meeting the child, Locha. He was ashamed of the feeling and asked to see her. "Is she better?" he asked Miss Finch.

"Oh, quite restored," answered Miss Finch, and he heard her calling, "Lo-cha!"

FATHER KEOGH sat in the schoolroom waiting for her. She closed the door carefully behind her and stood waiting to be addressed.

"Hallo," he said. "I hear you're better."

"Oh yes, I am, thank you."

"I'm going to open a little surgery to help the doctor with minor accidents and illnesses. Like to help me there?"

"Yes, please."

"That's good," said Father Keogh. And then: "I suppose you've heard about all this?"

"How long has he gone to prison for?"

"Five years," Father Keogh said.

"*Five* years!"

"Yes. You see, in a way he was lucky to get off with that. He deserved a good deal more." He was just preparing a short lecture in his mind upon the doubtful benefits to be derived by very young girls who fall in love with bandits of notoriously poor reputation, when he felt her arms about his neck. She hugged him and kissed his cheek. "*Five* years!" she sang. "Five years!"

"I don't think," said Father Keogh, at last, "that I shall ever make you out."

"If he's in jail—he'll be safe!"

At the thanksgiving service which he held the next Sunday, the congregation overflowed on to the steps.

He was twice as busy after the fall of Malo's régime. He found it necessary to set his alarm for four o'clock in the morning.

It became a custom to dine at the Casa Grande once a week. He looked forward with quiet enthusiasm to his discussions with Don Pedro; he enjoyed the conversations with Miss Finch; but he dreaded Doña Marian. Whenever he went up to the Casa Grande, she tried to monopolize him.

Miss Finch's fussy georgette ensemble, caught at the throat with an outsize amethyst, paste ear-rings swinging vigorously as she knitted narrow scarves, and the inevitable cardigan and sharp-smelling eau-de-Cologne, caused him far less displeasure than Doña Marian's exquisite simplicity. Miss Finch's quick flush and the never-altering "Well, really, Don Pedro, I don't think I should" when offered a glass of sherry, and the giggle that followed a glass too many, never failed to endear her to him. But Doña Marian's brittle laugh made him wince mentally. He felt himself a prey to her.

Doña Marian would have liked to have drawn Miss Finch into cosy womanly chats about nothing in particular. But Miss Finch had a disturbing habit of introducing what she considered "interesting" subjects, of launching into art, history, politics and literature and asking Doña Marian's opinion. Doña Marian dreaded Miss Finch, and Miss Finch confided to Father Keogh: "Hardly anything seems to draw her out. I suppose it's having such a scholastic husband. She's used to such good conversation."

DOÑA MARIAN redoubled her efforts to interest Father Keogh. She paid careful attention to Locha.

"Honey, do you have enough on? It's cold tonight."

"Yes, thank you, Mother."

"Did you write your cousin Dyke, today?"

"Not yet, Mother."

"Pey, do you think a little sherry would hurt your daughter? Would you like a glass, honey? Just so you don't look left out of things."

"I don't like it, thank you, Mother."

Father Keogh wrote to his sister, Ellen-Dora, in Ireland: ". . . she shows a heavily maternal interest in the child when there's an audience, but you can see by the child's response to her that she hasn't been used to such attentions. She lives in a selfish little luxurious world of her own and seems entirely content to devote her life to her own person. It's for the sake of the child I resent it so much."

Ellen-Dora wrote back: "You seem to have taken a fancy to the brat."

His conscience nagged him incessantly about his intolerance towards Doña Marian. He regretted the letter he had written to Ellen-Dora. He felt much as he might have felt had he betrayed a confessional confidence. He felt himself treacherous for laying bare the faults of one human before another; as if he had taken a mean advantage by placing her character on paper.

At considerable cost to himself, he tried to make amends. He allowed her to monopolize him. This meant cutting short the pleasures of conversation with Don Pedro, spending less time with Miss Finch, and paying less attention to Locha.

It was difficult not to resent Doña Marian for this self-imposed penance of her company. Doña Marian blossomed under it: "I don't know what I'd do without you, Father."

He was forced to read letters from relatives of whom he had heard interminable tales, advise on trivial business matters, check bills and explain bank statements. All the small things Don Pedro never bothered about fell to Father Keogh. There were times when his spirit weakened, but such phrases as "You know, I figure I never had a real friend until I met you, Father," made retreat impossible.

HE hardly saw Locha at all in the Casa Grande. But she came down to his surgery in the afternoons; it was the only place in which Father Keogh ever heard her laugh. He taught her all he knew and she proved an apt and enthusiastic pupil. Their patients varied greatly from men, women and children, to goats and pigs and even an occasional irate turkey who was putting on too little weight.

They shared anxieties and jokes and, when he had time for it, he realized that she was growing up. But he rarely had the time.

He did notice at the weekly dinner parties that she was becoming pale and slim, and as fragile as a shell.

"Do you have an eye for a pretty dress, Father?" Doña Marian asked him. "Don't you think that one's cute?"

"I think it's lovely," Father Keogh said, and he turned an appreciative smile on Locha. She spoke very little at dinner parties.

Doña Marian spoke for and about her and in front of her. "Wouldn't you think she'd like to show off a pretty dress like that outside a one-horse place like Quantana, Father? My sister wrote asking her to go to the States for six months. She'd have a swell time there and lots of beaux."

"Don't take away my assistant," Father Keogh joked. "I couldn't do without her."

"Did you write your aunt about the visit, honey?"

"Yes, Mother. I told her I didn't want to go."

"Can you beat that?" Doña Marian said.

In the surgery next day, Locha was waiting excitedly for him. "Well?" he smiled. "Beaten me to it." She appeared to be expecting something. "Anyone been in yet?" She shook her head. "Don't tell me Doña Florencia's headache's gone?"

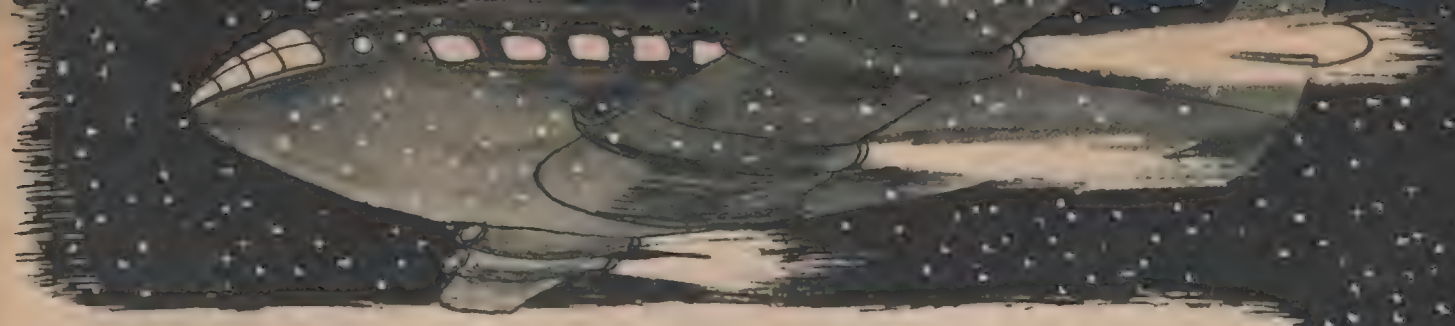
"Oh no, she'll be back with it later."

He looked closely at the small smile round her mouth. "What's the matter? Have you been up to something?"

"Can't you see what's different?" He looked round the room and failed to notice any change. "What's new about Saint Anthony?"

Father Keogh walked across to the picture. Saint Anthony's feet were no longer fly-blown. He no longer possessed any feet. They had been scrubbed to a sodden mass of pulp Father

Continued on page 24



Peace on Earth. . . . Scientists and their human guinea pigs are working in "the quietest spot in Britain" to end the ear-splitting, nerve-wracking menace of . . .

NOISE

by RONALD W. CLARK

TO HELP TO MAKE the Royal Festival Hall on the South Bank as soundproof as possible, Peter Parkin, a tall young acoustics expert who spends his life fighting noise, set up a battery of loudspeakers nearby and poured down sound from them on to a concrete test hut. It was not long before he achieved his first result: a nearby hotel sent over a strong protest; he was making too much noise for the comfort of the guests.

The steady increase of noise in the modern world—from machinery, aircraft, traffic and radio sets—is believed by some doctors to be a cause of much illness, including spinal arthritis, gastric ulcers and various nervous disorders.

Noise has two completely different qualities. There is its pitch, or frequency, a quality which is measured by the number of vibrations that the noise makes per second. The human ear can detect noises with as few as thirty vibrations per second, or as many as 12,000. Dogs can hear well beyond this range and are scared by noises from jet aircraft which are inaudible to the human ear.

The second quality is loudness, a difficult factor to judge, since no two people hear exactly alike. Scientists have got over this difficulty by making a yardstick. They have produced a standard sound with one thousand vibrations per second and of a standard intensity, labelling the sound produced with a figure of so many "phons." Nought phons is what they call "the threshhold of audibility."

Sounds In Figures

"Fifty phons is a tolerable level of comfort," says Dr. L. E. C. Hughes, one of the leading experts on noise. "Eighteen feet from an aircraft engine turning at 16,000 revs. per minute, the human ear receives about 115 phons, which is painful. A riveter produces 108 phons at a distance of thirty-five feet. Ten feet from a pneumatic drill, the noise equals about ninety phons, and close to busy London traffic the ear receives more than seventy phons." A quiet whisper produces only forty phons, the same as the rustle of leaves in a gentle breeze.

Accurate measurement can be useful in court cases, such as a recent one involving the noise coming from a factory in a residential area. Dr. Hughes has been called to give expert evidence in cases ranging from a woman who applied for an injunction against a firm making sound recorders in the flat below, to a protest being organized by residents near London Airport.

Laboratory physicists and practical engineers are working together to try to reduce noise. In the acoustics section of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington, volunteer human guinea pigs are subjected to the sound of factory whistles, jet engines, the B.B.C. pips, organs and a dozen other varied noises. "Notice that no two of the five walls are parallel," says Norman Fleming, head of the acoustics division, as he leads volunteers into a twenty foot wide soundproof room. With two feet of insulation on walls, roof and floor, the room is one of the quietest spots in Britain. "One of the first things everyone notices," says Fleming, as he closes the door, "is the pressure on the ears. It's completely artificial. There's no extra pressure in the room at all. The impression is simply caused by lack of echo."

The People Next Door

Fleming also goes out testing noise. "Once we had to measure the noise of a jet engine on a test bed," he says. "I brought the microphone up to within fifteen feet of the engine. But the whole ground was vibrating and, when I looked at the microphone, that was vibrating too. I backed away round a corner, thinking that the whole thing would be useless because the apparatus has to be quite still. Then I found that it was my own body that was vibrating."

The problem of noise in the home is tackled by Peter Parkin, at the Building Research Station at Watford. His job is to find out why some flat-dwellers and house-dwellers are more disturbed than others by the people next door. "In other words," he says, "why some buildings give better sound protection than others."

For this work he uses a mobile acoustics laboratory. "We fix up our loudspeakers in a room, and a thin, warbling note, produced in the van, is amplified through them. At the same time, microphones placed in an adjoining flat register how much noise is seeping through the walls, or floor, or ceiling."

Impact noise is produced on an ingenious footsteps machine invented by Parkin. It consists of five weighted hammers, raised and dropped by a small electric motor, producing a "standard" noise—of hob-nailed boots if the hammers are weighted with metal, or of carpet slippers if they are tipped with rubber.

The best solution to the problem of noise in the home is to insulate floors and walls with rock-wool or glass-wool. To sound-insulate a flat which has already been built will cost about £150, but if the insulation is built into the flat in the first place the cost is only about £50. More and more insulating is being done. Perhaps, one day, when every wall is made soundproof, the quietness of the country will come to the busy town. THE END

I LIVED WITH THE ESKIMOS

Continued from page 7

we associate with accouchement. Yesterday the Eskimo woman was doing her chores, out on the dog-line, fighting with the wolves, scraping skins or what not. Today she is going to have her child. She may be alone, with no one on hand but her husband, but this does not trouble her. He will help, supporting her from behind, pressing her body hard while she kneels on the floor. In a few minutes it is all over.

I remember once we were crossing from Kent to Cambridge, as two of the Eskimo villages are called. The going was rough, the ice a chaos of sharp, high hummocks. One Eskimo woman, buried in her heavy furs, seemed to be everywhere at once, going on ahead of the dogs to encourage them, coming back to the sledge to help her man when the heavy load capsized, then running ahead once more, tirelessly.

That night, in the newly made igloo, though everyone else was dog-tired, she was still lively, bustling around, pushing snow into the chinks, feeding the dogs, then making tea and serving it to us. The next morning she was the first one up and, out on the trail, she was once more ahead of the dogs, ahead of everyone. But on her back there was a bulge that had not been there the day before. She had had her child during the night.

Lives On Mother's Back

Normally, the Eskimo woman has a child every two or three years. The customarily long nursing period may explain the length of the time between births. In a country that offers nothing but meat as nourishment, it is Nature's way of protecting the infant, reserving exclusively for him the only food his system will assimilate, and assuring him, likewise, the only shelter sufficiently warm—the place on his mother's back, under the parka, between her naked body and her fur clothes. There is room only for one child, so the second must wait to be born until the first has graduated into the open air.

The baby lives inside the parka, his legs around his mother's waist, sticking to her body. A lash about the mother's waist, on the outside, makes the parka into a kind of hammock and holds the infant prisoner, so that he cannot fall out. If he cries, his mother moves

"Do you mean to tell me that you could go to bed and sleep with all this washing up waiting to be done?"

him from back to front with sharp jerks of her body, and he feeds from those inexhaustible breasts. For three years, perhaps more, he will live in this way. Then he will move, to make room for his brother.

When a boy child is born, he may gasp his first few breaths, and then, for one of a number of reasons—the weather, the state of the trail, scarcity of game, his father's temper—he may be ruthlessly smothered.

But if he is permitted to live, he becomes a little king in his own right. Soon after birth he gets his name—the name of a dead relative, whose memory he shall perpetuate and whose qualities he shall receive, and under whose protection he shall live. Once he is named, the child takes on the rights and prerogatives of the name itself, and that is why he is never eliminated after he has been named.

As soon as he can walk, the Eskimo boy begins to take on his rights, the rights of the male. By the time he is five, he is grown up, beaming with health and filled with mischief. In his ragged skin clothes he often looks like a little wild beast let loose, and delirious with liberty. When he is seven he begins to withdraw from his mother. He abandons the breast and, his sharp little eyes full of instinct, he begins to study his father's gestures. Soon he resolutely handles the big snow-knife. He wants a rifle of his own, and a trap line.

From now on he travels with the men, as hardy a traveller as any of them. He has already begun the way of life he will follow all his days—the life of the fisherman, hunter and trapper. He will certainly have trapped his first fox and knocked down his first caribou. He may even have killed *Nanuk*, as bears are called. Then he will listen, swelling with pride, while the other hunters congratulate him.

"Agun, ahe?" they will say, clapping him on the back. "A male, eh?"

These two words complete the process. From that day on he is untamable, and he feels his mastery. Let the younger ones, the weaker ones, the girls, beware! Soon the weak, the old and the women—even his mother—had better take care. He is *Inuk*, a man.

One of my colleagues wrote: "Some of the Eskimos are nice, good-natured, and I find it hard to speak ill of the race. But, to make a faithful report, I must say that their moral state is deplorable. Among themselves, they lend their wives freely and they often abandon their old people and children. There is no sort of indecency which is not prevalent among them."

Was he thinking of the lascivious scenes staged by little children being taught the act of marriage, surrounded by a crowd of laughing, cheering adults? What Bishop Turquetil called "a positive education in vice, a compelling apprenticeship to sin forced on the child?" Was he thinking of young girls, hardly twelve years old, offered for the pleasure of occasional wayfarers? Was he thinking of the springtime libidinous orgies at certain camps?

Total Lack Of Privacy

Of course, their natural shamelessness is emphasized by the total lack of privacy in which they live, promiscuity being a logical result of their form of communal living, all huddled in the same tent or snowhouse, everyone sleeping in the same bed . . . both sexes, all ages crowded together in a small, fetid lodging, hearing everything, seeing everything. And the hardship they accept as their daily lot naturally encourages them to seize every scrap of pleasure that may come their way.

They sacrifice children because they feel that the good of the community demands it, and with the same logic they shorten the life span of the aged, the infirm, the crippled and disabled. The custom of eliminating the aged by deserting them was followed as a matter of course in the old days, but this practice has been discouraged in areas where there are missionaries or Mounted Police patrols. This means that what was once done with everybody's approval now has to be accomplished discreetly.

An old man, a cripple, a sick man dies. "He was a suicide." Perhaps the suicide was provoked? Perhaps he was even helped a little? After all, that old one really did not want to go on living, anyway.

So it is not surprising that a boy's parents are always indulgent. In their attitude they may well be guided by the instinctive knowledge that one day this child will decide when they, the parents, die, left out on the steppe somewhere to freeze and starve to death slowly.

NEXT WEEK: My valiant friends the huskies—wonder dogs of the North

TEDDY PILLEY PIERCES THE LANGUAGE BARRIER

Continued from page 11

afford the long training. "But now I've got work as satisfying and much more varied." He won a scholarship to study modern languages at Oxford and then started his career by teaching French at a shilling an hour. One day in 1937 the famous French actress Alice Delysia brought him a play to be translated in eight hours. He did it in under six.

This feat greatly impressed a friend working on a political committee. A diplomatic conference needed an interpreter, and it was arranged for Pilley to do the job. He went home to tell his Dutch wife, Nora, who says that she had never seen him nervous before or since. "That morning," she says, "he was so jumpy that I thought he'd get stage fright and forget all his languages if I didn't do something. So I put a dose of potassium bromide in his tea to calm his nerves. Maybe I put in too much, because he suddenly got up, squared his shoulders, said loudly, 'Now let them be frightened of me,' and strode firmly out of the door."

Pilley found he had to interpret into English the long and closely knit harangue of a French diplomat discussing Spanish affairs. "When we stopped for coffee, Paul Schmidt, who later became Hitler's interpreter, came up and complimented me. 'How is it I have not met you before, as there are only about twelve of us in Europe? Have you been doing it long?' 'Oh, no, I couldn't say *long*,' I answered, not wanting to let the British Government down."

Each week, Pilley conducts a class in conference interpreting, and his pupils come to him with the snags and difficulties they encounter in their work. One pupil said: "I was stumped in translating 'You can't have your cake and eat it' into French." Pilley confessed that he would not have known what to say, either.

Jokes are the nightmare of all interpreters. "At a recent conference," grumbled one pupil, "I had to translate into Italian, in a split second, 'Let's have the naked truth. All right, then, let's make it a striptease.'"

Another pupil was helping in a discussion on working equipment, cables and winches. The French delegate, who had scorned the services of the interpreter, seemed to be worried. "Well," he said, "it all depends on whether you mean the French or the English type of wench."

Pilley and his colleagues are often asked whether they can feel as sincerely for each of the sides they have to speak for. "I pride myself on being enough of an actor to throw myself into the personality of whoever I happen to be interpreting," he says. "I am sure I was as convincing when interpreting Ribbentrop—distasteful though it was—as when speaking for Masaryk."

He discourages candidates for the career of interpreter. "There are so few vacancies, and the standard is so exacting, that only people with previous experience in law, teaching, radio, journalism or similar professions are possible."

An endless topic among interpreters is: should they be as bitter or offensive as the original speakers? "My rule is to play down rudery," says Pilley. "A translator is out to help people to understand each other, and a slight jibe in one language can be much more stinging in another. Often a speaker himself gets a shock when he hears his own words in another language."

One of Pilley's prize protégées is Mrs. Cleves Marrett. When she was in Naples interpreting for the Free Trade Union of Textile Workers, she attended a farewell party at a night club, at which some of the smart diners resented the presence of the trade unionists.

While receiving bouquets of flowers in recognition of her skilful services as interpreter, Mrs. Marrett heard a young man at a nearby table making cutting remarks about the women trade unionists. "His face was red when, after thanking delegates sweetly for the flowers in French and English, I swept round and told him a thing or two in virile Neapolitan."

In his spare time Pilley runs the Linguists' Club in London, a rambling, whitewashed bungalow near Hyde Park Corner, which celebrates its twenty-first birthday this year. Two thousand business or professional people and students gather at the hundred weekly meetings and classes.

He also trains linguists in the difficult job of taking down speeches at conferences verbatim, in any language. They try to avoid errors such as occurred when "We are indebted to Marshall Aid for American succour," was transcribed as "We are indebted to Marshall Aid for American suckers." THE END

TAKE IT FROM ME

by JIMMY EDWARDS

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MRS. HASLET'S GONE

Continued from page 13

could really have much faith in them himself. When the inspector repeated Mr. Wilberforce's remarks, he blenched: when the inspector mentioned the tulip bed, the last spark of resistance seemed to be extinguished.

"I don't know why," he said. "It seemed all right at the time—we'd better get it over."

The inspector wrote that all down in his notebook. Then he stationed himself behind Mr. Haslet—who was huddled in his chair—and signalled to the two constables he had brought with him to begin.

Both were big men, accomplished diggers in their own allotments, and expert with the spade. First they carefully removed the tulips—now past their best. Then they dug out the top soil. Then the under soil.

Mr. Haslet sat in his chair, a picture of stunned bewilderment. The inspector stood behind him, his arms folded, feeling like Destiny in a bowler hat. The two constables dug. They were three feet down now, and only their top halves were visible. Some time passed.

It was Mr. Haslet who broke the silence. "You might, perhaps," he said, "give the bulbs to a hospital."

"We could," agreed the inspector, "unless they are required as evidence."

"Of course. I'd forgotten," said Mr. Haslet. "I suppose they would be."

He continued to sit. The inspector

stood. The constables sweated, and dug deeper.

They were up to their shoulders now, and their spades were ringing on the primary sandstone. What could be seen of their faces looked puzzled.

Again Mr. Haslet spoke—there was now more bewilderment than apprehension in his voice.

"I could understand you confiscating the plants," he said, "under the circumstances. But why is it necessary to remove so much of the earth. Or is that wanted as evidence, too?"

The inspector found some difficulty in replying. Fortunately, before he had to do so, Mr. Haslet went on.

"I'm quite ready to confess," he said.

"Confess," echoed the inspector. He tried to keep all emotion out of his voice.

"I shouldn't have done it, of course. I know it was mean—as soon as her back was turned. I just didn't realize it was criminal." He paused. "I suppose, as I had given her the money, the stuff was legally hers, and when I used it, I was stealing it. Is that it?"

"Would you mind explaining," said the inspector, "exactly what you mean?"

"Doctor Murchison's Mucillage of Molasses, eighteen large bottles. Goodness knows what she meant to do with it all. I thought there was no harm in using a little—then. You know how it is. It all seemed to go. You must admit," he added with a faint touch of defiance, "that it worked wonders with the tulips."

It took the police six months to live it down, and during all that time if you said "tulip" near a policeman you did so at your peril. It died down, of course. There was a rumour that Mrs. Haslet had been seen at Southend, with an all-in wrestler, and that started it up again. But not for long. It was dead by Christmas.

"But do you know," added Mr. Hornsea, "I sometimes wonder if people quite realize exactly how far Mr. Haslet did score over the police. Because if you want my opinion—of course, it's only an opinion—he *did* kill his wife, only he buried her way down at the bottom of the garden among the raspberries. I've played enough cribbage with him to know that he's a real dab at double bluff." THE END

ALL CREATURES GREAT AND SMALL

Continued from page 10

go over last night and tell them you were safe. Reckon they were in quite a state when they found you missing."

The boy ignored this. "How's he this morning? Joey, I mean."

"Joey's fine. He'll be having his bath in a minute same as you."

The old man produced an old-fashioned tin bath and Derek found himself in it before he had time to think of a suitable protest. He was so absorbed watching the bird splashing happily in his little pie dish that he allowed himself to be soaped and scrubbed and towelled without a word. Once again the old man shuddered at the bruises and weals, and red anger seethed within him.

"When we have had breakfast there is something else I will show you," he remarked.

DEREK ate hungrily, scraping his plate round and round with a crust of bread and stuffing the crust in his mouth. He drank three cups of coffee and then went over to Joey's cage.

"Would he come out for me?"

"Try him."

The boy opened the cage door. "Careful!" warned old Hans. "Don't scare him—you are strange, you know."

The boy put his hand in the cage, extending the forefinger as he had seen the old man do. Joey did not move, but neither did he shrink away. He considered the newcomer in silence.

"Come on, Joey!" urged the boy, and began making soft whistling noises between his teeth. Cautiously, Joey approached the finger, then retreated to his corner, twittering gently.

"There you are, he talks to you, but he is not sure of you yet. He must be careful, you see. How does he know you will not hurt him? You're so much bigger than he is."

The boy's face clouded with disappointment and he withdrew his hand. He walked over to the fireplace and began aiming kicks at a piece of dead coal fallen on the hearth.

"You're bigger'n me," he observed, a trifle sulkily, "but I ain't scared of you. I don't reckon you'd hurt me."

"Nobody gets hurt in this house if I can help it," said the old man, "but he's only a bird. He's got no sense, only instinct. You're a boy and you've got sense."

Derek stared at him. "What's instink?"—and then, without waiting for a reply: "You think I got sense?"

"Sure I do!" said old Hans, artfully. "I bet you're a clever kid when you like. Never mind about Joey. Let him get used to you bit by bit. We'll try again this afternoon. Now, you come with me."

He led the way to the back door and opened it. The little garden was upholstered in fat, billowing cushions of snow. The bushes looked like tea cosies and the boughs of the young fruit trees were weighted down till they merged with the heavy drifts on the ground below. The air sparkled and the sun shone.

Derek sniffed ecstatically. "Cor!" he yelled and flung himself out of the door headlong into the nearest drift. One of the trees, jostled by his flailing arms, discharged its entire load on his head. "I'm a snowman!" he shrieked. "Look! I'm an Arctic explorer. I'm Captain Scott!"

Old Hans picked him up bodily and dusted him down. "You're set on getting pneumonia, I can see. You can play snowmen when you're dressed for it. Do you reckon Captain Scott went exploring in little short pants, no hat and no coat? Come on now, we're going visiting. I've got some more patients to show you. Anyway, I cannot have you catching cold before Christmas Day. There is a party to go to, and we are going to it."

He led the way to a potting shed beside the cottage and, propelling the boy in front of him, he entered it and shut the door. In addition to the usual contents of potting sheds there was a heavy wooden bench against one wall and on it several wooden boxes with fronts of fine wire netting. In one sat a wild rabbit. One foreleg was in splints and tightly bandaged, but he fell to nibbling the cabbage leaves the old man pushed through the bars.

"I found him in a snare over in the wood," explained old Hans. "He is doing fine. In another week we shall be able to let him free if the snow has gone."

IN the next box there was nothing to see except and an oblong cardboard carton open at both ends. A few wisps of cotton-wool protruded.

"Now, this is a very special patient. Watch carefully." Old Hans began to make soft, chirruping noises and the carton began to rock slightly. First a beak, followed by a pair of bright, black eyes, followed by a tiny brown head began to emerge, and finally a somewhat bedraggled robin, rather unsteady on his legs but very much alive, plopped out on the cage floor.

Hans picked him up gently. "Now watch him," he said, "watch him take his little drop of tiddly."

"What is it?" asked the boy. His eyes were round and wide, washed clear of fear and sullenness, the fascinated eyes of a child.

"It is brandy and water," replied the old man, who was administering the liquid by pressing a tiny salt spoon against the bird's beak and tilting it smartly when the beak opened. Much of the mixture was spilled and the robin sneezed violently several times, but some of it went in.

"Watch him!" said Hans. "He is better already."

The robin shuffled along the cage bottom to peck some of the food laid down for him. Then he briskly wiped his beak on a piece of wood.

"Always a good sign when they do that," said Hans. "It shows they are getting better. Like a woman powdering her nose."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Well, I can only guess at that," answered the old man. "I found him lying under a tree pretty near gone. His wing was hurt in some way and he couldn't fly. I think he was near dead from starvation. But he is clever, that one—almost as clever as Joey. Just you watch him. He knows he must keep himself warm."

He laid the carton with one end immediately facing the bird's beak and at once it began to wriggle its way in. In a second or two nothing could be seen but the tips of the long tail feathers and the carton was quite still.

Derek looked up, plainly awed by this performance. "Cor!" he breathed.

The other cages were empty. "We are not overcrowded just now," said old Hans. "Sometimes we have four or five patients at once. You'd be surprised at the accidents that happen. Remind me to tell you sometime about the sparrow that nearly hanged itself."

As they walked back to the cottage, Derek did not appear to notice the snowdrifts. He occupied himself trying to tread in the same prints he had made on the outward journey and occasionally peered up at the old man's face.

After a while he said: "Will he get well?"

"Of course—all he needs is rest and warmth. When this snow has gone he'll be ready to fly away."

"I hope the snow stays for ever," Derek said. "I don't want him to go."

"He'll come back to see me now and then. Robins always do. They're friendly birds and like to be near people. Now, how about some coffee?" He looked at his watch. "It is before time, but on a cold day like this I think we can be good to ourselves."

When the coffee was drunk and the cups washed, the boy, who had wiped them very carefully and hung them on the dresser, fetched his overcoat and cap.

"Shan't be long," he announced.

"Get your scarf," ordered old Hans. "Give it here," and he wrapped it round Derek according to his own ideas.

"Got to see them up there." The boy jerked his thumb in the direction of the big house. "I got to fix something."

"There's sausages and pancakes for lunch," said the old man. "In about an hour."

"Don't you want to know what I'm doing?"

"That is your business," said the old man. "You can tell me if you want when you come back."

HE watched the little figure running across the snow. It was making for the big house, and not for the kitchen quarters either. The boy was going to the main entrance. That meant he was in search of Sir George—or maybe the lady of the house. Nothing to worry about. He had had a talk with them last night and knew their kindliness and warmth of heart. They only wanted to do what was best for the boy.

"After Christmas, he's going to St. Anthony's," Sir George had told him. "It is a well-run place. I'm one of the governors and I often go to see the boys. It's a real pleasure to be among lads who are happy and well cared for."

"He is such a little one . . ." said Hans, and stopped.

It was Adelaide who sensed what was in his mind. "Don't you approve?" she asked.

"Well, I am thinking he might get across some of the older boys. He has had to stick up for himself, one can see that, and it's made him a bit cocky."

"Sir George thinks he needs the comradeship of other boys, Hans."

"Maybe," said Hans, but was obviously not in agreement. Now, remembering the look on the child's face as he tried to make friends with Joey, he made up his mind. He must have another talk with his employer. Joey and the sick robin were going to

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do him far more good than the boys at St. Anthony's.

Derek's visit to the house was brief. He found Adelaide in the morning-room, writing letters. She looked up as he entered and could not help smiling at what she saw. Hans certainly meant to keep the boy warm! A long woollen scarf was wound twice round his throat, once over the top of his head and the ends, which were taken back under the armpits, were secured in the small of his back with a large safety pin. A round school cap perched on top of this confection.

"Hallo, Derek!" she said.

The boy's face wore a new expression. It was clear that he had something on his mind. But for the absurdity of the idea, she would have said that he looked like a business man who has to hurry back to the office to attend to important matters.

HE went straight to the point, without replying to her greeting. "I've come to tell you I ain't coming back," he announced. "I've got to help the old man."

"Oh, Derek. I'm arranging a tea party for you on Christmas Day, and Hans is coming, too. You mustn't let me down!"

"Can't promise," he replied, briefly.

"But what is it that is going to keep you both so busy?"

"Well, Joey don't know his piece yet, and there's a sick robin, and we got to clear away the snow and. . . ." He broke off and jumped up. "Well, I'm off!" As he reached the door, he turned back and grinned at her. "Tell you what, if Joey knows his piece, we'll come. So long!" And he was gone.

Adelaide's heart stirred. Why do all small boys have far too many teeth, jostling and pushing each other out of the way? This was a different child

"Stumped, eh?"

from the defiant fugitive of yesterday's breakfast incident. As she turned back to her letters, her eyes fell on the used Christmas card and her own note: "Remind George—gardener—Christmas Day." Carefully, she crossed it out.

Christmas Day brought no sign of thaw. There had been a further heavy fall of snow in the morning, obliterating all the footprints and wheel marks in the driveway, and Adelaide, standing at the big window, looked out on a crisp, white world. A noisy bunch of sparrows was quarrelling over the crumbs she had thrown on the terrace. The white mist that often accompanies hard frost was beginning to float round the bushes. It was four o'clock and she was expecting guests.

"I've never known Hans to be a minute late in all the years. . . ." George broke off to blow through his pipe, and two figures appeared in the mist at the end of the drive. One was very tall and heavily built and the other was very small. The small figure had to skip and run a little to keep up and it kept darting away to jump in the drifts which bordered the path. After a while both figures halted and a small bundle which the larger one had been carrying was very carefully transferred to the hands of his companion. After this manoeuvre, both figures came on again, walking soberly side by side.

"I wonder if this is the answer, George," cried Adelaide as eagerly as a girl. "Look how well they seem to get on! Why, even from here you can see they are friends!"

"He seems to be bringing something," said George, "something alive, I should think. He's being very careful about it. I wonder what it can be!"

"Oh, George, dear, this is how I've always wanted Christmas!" Her voice was unsteady.

Her husband came to her side and slipped his hand under her elbow. "Tears!" he said kindly. "Come, my dear!"

"I know, George! I know. I'm a sentimental old woman!"

Side by side they waited for their guests. Behind them, in the dark recesses of the big room, a spangled Christmas tree winked and glittered in the firelight. A variety of gaily coloured cakes and jellies and everything that should be on a tea table at Christmas time covered the white tablecloth so that hardly an inch of it was visible, and, as the front door bell rang, Adelaide left the window and went round the room and switched on all the lights. THE END

THE SINGER, NOT THE SONG

Continued from page 18

Keogh's eyes widened and his mouth opened. Locha skipped to his side.

"My dear, good child, what have you done to him?"

"Cleaned him up," she said gaily. "I've been meaning to do it for ages, but you've always been about."

Father Keogh licked his lips. "It's —sweet of you," he said. "I'm sure he'd be very pleased about it. Do you think perhaps we should have left the glass off a bit longer to give him a chance to dry?"

"Oh no, it'll dry in time. He just looks as if he's stepping out of a cloud."

"Yes, doesn't he?" Father Keogh agreed.

The tone of his voice made her anxious. "You do think it's an improvement, don't you? You wouldn't rather he was covered in fly marks?"

"Oh no, no. Of course not. It's much more dignified like this." But he failed to reassure her. There were tears in her eyes. "My dear," he said. "It really was extremely kind of you. I've been meaning to have a go at him myself, but what with one thing and another——" He gave a quick squeeze to her hand. She snatched it from his grasp and suddenly she put both her arms round his neck. She clung to him, rubbing her cheek against his. Her lips were parted, and under the gentle moving pressure he felt the warm tears spread.

He said, "Locha, Locha, I've told you I'm pleased." He tried to release himself to reassure her, but she only clung more closely to him. He noticed that there were two different perfumes about her. One came from her skin, one from her hair. They were both delicate but both distinct. "My dear, sweet child, what more can I say?"

She held herself slightly away from him and in her breath he felt the perfumes mixed. Her eyes were searching his. She asked him sharply, "Did you really like my dress last night?"

He was startled at the question. "Of course I did."

"What colour was it?"

He flung his mind back to the candlelit table and the fragile little figure in the shadows, but all he recalled were the shadows and that Locha had made a pleasing picture among them. He answered her desperately, "White."

She slowly shook her head at him. She held his face a few seconds between her hands and then almost collided with Chela as she ran towards the door. Over her shoulder she said to him: "You don't have to agree with *everything* mother says."

He was still standing with a puzzled frown on his face when Chela came up to him. "Mother in Heaven, what's happened to you?"

Father Keogh surveyed himself. There was a white stain on his shoulder. "What is it?" he asked.

"Powder," she said.

"Powder?"

Chela patted her cheek. "Powder off somebody's face." She began brushing it off with her fingers.

"Surely Locha's too young to be using face powder," Father Keogh asked.

"The señorita is growing up, Father." She picked three pale golden hairs off him and dropped them on the floor one at a time.

ONCE a month, Father Keogh went to the jail at Huapan. Only Malo would receive him. The prison cat had adopted him; he would sit cross-legged with it at his feet, staring at Father Keogh. He would not answer the priest.

In all the five years, he did not speak to him once. It was three weeks before the prison sentence terminated that he finally broke the silence.

"Well, well, well," said Father Keogh. "It's a long time since I heard your voice. May I ask what has broken the spell?"

"I have something to say to you," Malo said. The five years had made little difference to him. They had added no lines to his face. It was still an impossible motionless beauty. "I have enjoyed your visits, Father."

"I'm very glad to hear it," Father Keogh said. "There were moments when I felt unwelcome."

"Tell me something, Father. Do you feel there is very much difference between your hold on Quantana and mine?"

"I have no hold on it personally."

"You don't think that over the years the Catholic Church has achieved dominance through a snowball of fear? I threatened with guns—you threaten with purgatory and hell. I blackmailed them for peace—you blackmail them for heaven. You don't think we have something in common?"

Father Keogh said equably, "No."

"I find that curious," Malo said. "I've watched your Church at work. Nevertheless, I could be willing to accept such a faith and such a Church."

"You mean that, Anacleto?"

"In that rotten, money-grabbing spiritual tyranny there is something which has appealed to a man like you —I am willing to find out what that is if only you will show me. In that you have discovered my weakness, Father. In that is your chance to beat me."

"What do you mean to do?"

"I am coming back to Quantana. Pablo will go to Yucetar, but the rest are returning with me."

Father Keogh asked, "Is that wise?"

Malo held one thin hand before him. He examined his carefully cleaned nails.

"You think we shall not be welcome, Father?"

"You'll be damned unwelcome."

"You have promised to be my friend."

"Would I make up for a town full of enemies?"

"Yes."

Father Keogh stubbed out his cigarette. "You think that because I'm a priest I won't or I can't refuse you protection. You're right, because I don't wish to. You want to come back to Quantana, take advantage of my hard-won influence there and in time restore yourself to your former position at my expense, isn't that it?"

"It's up to you," Malo said. "If you—your Church—can convince me, then the answer could be 'No.'"

Father Keogh received a petition from the town. It requested him to use his influence to prevent the bandits returning to Quantana. With the exception of the dentist, the whole town had signed.

He also received a note. Someone had typed it on bright pink paper. It was signed a "Well wisher," and it read: "A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. . . . the next letter is still 'K.' Is it safe?"

MISS FINCH paid a call at his house. She was leaving Quantana. "Mr. Keogh, something is troubling me. I thought I might speak to you about it before I leave. I know how fond you are of Locha."

"Anything I can do for either of you will always be a pleasure, Miss Finch."

"You saw perhaps that I had attached my signature to this document asking you to use your influence to keep Mr. Comachi and his followers out of the town."

"Yes, I noticed," Father Keogh said.

"I had a particular reason for signing, Mr. Keogh."

"Oh?"

"I may, of course, be jumping to wrong conclusions. But for some time I have suspected Locha of having an unhealthy interest in this Comachi man."

Father Keogh was silent, then he said: "Miss Finch, when they're very young—girls do form attachments to colourful personalities. But now that she's. . . ."

Miss Finch interrupted him: "It goes back a long time. When she was quite a child I found her writing his name on a piece of paper—that may seem nothing in itself, but it's a pointer. As you know, the man was on her mind to such an extent that she suffered from nightmares about him. She appeared to be imagining that he had some sort of injury."

"I think Josefa used to frighten her with him."

"It has occurred to me lately, Father, that Locha was not frightened *of* Mr. Comachi, but *for* him."

"What's made you think that, Miss Finch?"

"She's been on edge lately and very difficult. When Josefa broke the news

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1. Adds to the health of the family.
2. Be a wise housewife—keep some handy.
3. Nice to use, and economical, too.
4. Saves you valuable time and money.
5. The flavour will make you come back for more.
6. The price is low for the high quality.
7. You need it and you'll like it.

USE FREE COUPON BELOW

The coupon on the left is YOURS—the right-hand coupon is for a RELATIVE or FRIEND. Both may be posted in same sealed envelope (2½d. stamp)—and coupons from other £50 Contests on pages 23 and 27 may also be enclosed. Only one coupon per entrant allowed from this page.

Note address for entry and last day to post, given below. Result will be published in JOHN BULL as soon as possible.

RULES

To entrant of coupon bearing in ink the most skilful and appropriate fitting of the given phrases to advertisements on this page, as decided by panel of advertising experts, a prize of £50 cash will be awarded. Prize shared in event of tie or ties. No entry fee. No phrase may be used more than once. Signature on coupon is entrant's undertaking to accept published result as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees are ineligible.

Study the Products—fit the Phrases!

A

B

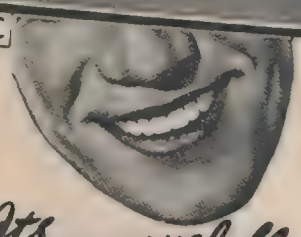
MARMITE

tastes good all ways—

does you good anyway

1 oz. 9d., 2 oz. 1/4, 4 oz. 2/4, 8 oz. 4/-, 16 oz. 7/-

C



Its unusual flavour shows that **Euthymol** is a remarkable toothpaste!

It's the selected ingredients that make Euthymol Toothpaste *different*. It is scientifically prepared to help keep your teeth, mouth and gums *clean, fresh* and *healthy*. And the unusual flavour tells you it's doing its job!

ask your Chemist's opinion of EUTHYMOL

D

A bright and healthy home in every tin

For Dark Floors use DARK MANSION

E

NEW

Holbrooks "MY" SAUCE

So sure are we you will like it, we guarantee to refund full purchase price if for any reason whatsoever it fails to satisfy!

ONLY 1/-! FOR A FULL EIGHT OUNCE BOTTLE

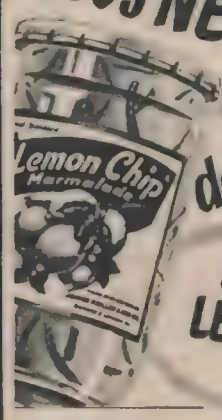
Delicious! ...Fruity!

Make "MY" Sauce YOUR Sauce!

HOLBROOKS LTD. • WITTED • BIRMINGHAM, 7

F

It's NEW- delicious and it's LEMON



Keiller

'LEMON CHIP' MARMALADE

G

WORTH THEIR SALT

. . . and just the snack for your Christmas party. They are delicious with cocktails. Being cooked in pure vegetable oil they aid digestion. They are ideal for a quick lunch, having

SIX TIMES THE FOOD VALUE OF BOILED POTATOES

SMITH'S POTATO CRISPS

PER **3d** PACKET

USE this FREE COUPON YOURSELF

2 "FITTING PHRASES"—£50 MUST BE WON

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

SIGNATURE.....

ADDRESS.....
(Section 2) Write clearly in Ink.

LAST DAY TO POST—MON., JAN. 5

ADDRESS *Fitting Phrases, "John Bull,"*
ENTRIES 98 *Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)*

THIS FREE COUPON for RELATIVE (or FRIEND)

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FURTHER £50 CONTESTS ON PAGES 23 and 27

that Mr. Comachi was returning here, she said—you must excuse me, Mr. Keogh—she said, 'Oh, my God! I hope Father Keogh won't bait him again.'"

"I see," said Father Keogh. He lit a cigarette.

"You can understand why I'm so anxious about the man's return? She's at such an impressionable age, and I fear it has to be admitted that he's very personable."

"Must you leave Locha just now?"

"I'm afraid so. My sister has been widowed and needs me."

"Locha's losing a very great friend, Miss Finch. . . . And so am I."

He held out a hand and she shook it warmly.

"You will do what you can, Mr. Keogh?"

"You may rest assured that I'll do everything I can, Miss Finch."

"I'm sure you will. Goodbye. And Mr. Keogh—look after yourself."

WHEN Doña Marian passed her daughter's door, she thought she heard sounds of sobbing. She opened the door and looked into the room. It was dark except for the big lamp on the old Spanish bureau. In its red glow Locha's head rested on her arms.

Doña Marian ran across to her. "Why, baby—what's the matter? Tell momma all about it."

Locha shook her off. "I don't want to talk to you, Mother. Please."

"But, darling, that's what your mother's for. What made you unhappy, baby? Tell me—it could be I'm able to help."

"*You* couldn't possibly help." It was not meant as an insult, it was stated as a fact.

Doña Marian had shed many tears in her life; she recognized the type. "Oh, my! You've fallen in love."

Locha asked: "Is that a crime?"

"It's only a crime if it hurts."

"What's it supposed to do—make you happy?"

"Why, sure!" Doña Marian smiled. "That is, if you've picked the right guy." She was stroking her daughter's hair. The head moved abruptly away from her hand.

"I'm afraid I have *not* picked 'the right guy.'" The American intonation was harshly exaggerated.

"Is he married?" Doña Marian asked.

"Oh, Mother—please don't pry!"

"Is he married?"

"No, he's not. He's not. He's not."

"Then why isn't he the right guy?" She over-anglicized the words.

"Because he's just not the right choice. You wouldn't approve of it." Locha sat up and faced Doña Marian, making ugly square lines with her mouth. "Father wouldn't approve of it—no one would approve of it. Even *I* don't approve of it. Is that enough for you, please?"

Doña Marian shook her head. "You're my little girl. You're unhappy, and I wanna know why. You haven't told me anything I can make head or tail of."

"Oh, you'd only think it 'cute.'"

Doña Marian continued steadily: "If something's not right, maybe I could put it right. You know, you're very young, and I'm very old."

"Yes, I was waiting for that one."

"Don't you think you'll forget this man?"

Locha answered: "No."

"Then what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing."

"That doesn't sound very satisfactory."

"It isn't. Look Mother, I really don't want to hurt you, but if you stay here much longer—I shall."

"I guess I can take it," Doña Marian said.

"You wouldn't approve — you couldn't understand—so what's the good?"

"Why not give me a chance, baby?"

Locha opened a drawer. Out of it she took a writing pad. She put it into her mother's hands.

"For heaven's sake!" Doña Marian

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

exclaimed. "What's this? Letters?"

"Sort of. They never get posted, of course—but I found them a comfort to write. Silly, isn't it?"

Doña Marian started to read. Locha interrupted her, uncomfortably. "Those references to you, Mother—I'm sorry, perhaps I haven't always been fair to you—but——"

Her mother paid no attention. She was reading intently, her lips forming part of the words. When she put down the pad, her eyes were open wide on her daughter.

"Well?" Locha asked her. "How much do you disapprove?"

Doña Marian wetted her lips. "Why, honey, I just can't believe it of you. If this is who I think it is——"

"I said it wasn't a very desirable choice."

"But—but it can't be true," Doña Marian insisted. "You just couldn't fall for a man like that."

"I fell for him a long time ago, Mother. Though I don't think I realized it then."

"But darling, this is just asking for every kind of trouble there ever was." Doña Marian's hands were shaking, and the paper crackled between them.

"He doesn't know?" she asked anxiously.

"Not yet. I thought I might tell him some day, if only to see what he says."

DOÑA MARIAN stood up. "No! I won't let you do that to yourself! If I have to keep you under lock and key, I won't let you do it!" Why, a guy like that would crucify you. . . ." She ignored her daughter's puzzled frown. "He'd take you for the biggest ride you'd ever known. Oh! He'd make you think it was a great big romance like you get on the movies—the handsome bandit and the nobleman's daughter—but that's only O.K. on movies. In real life it stinks. Why, he'd murder you, honey! How *could* you love him? You have good blood in your veins. You're a de Cortinez. This guy's the scum of the earth and he acts like it. He's a killer, and he never did one decent thing in the whole of his life."

Doña Marian was flushed from her protest, and one of the sleek curls had shaken loose. When Locha put her head in the crook of her arm, the whole of her body was shaking. It was some minutes before Doña Marian realized that she was laughing instead of crying. Doña Marian stood staring in outraged silence. Then she snapped: "Be quiet! There's no need to get hysterical!"

Locha made an effort to control herself and failed. "Oh, Mother," she laughed. "Poor Mother!"

Doña Marian shouted: "See here, it's not me that's gone crazy, it's you. Maybe I don't have grand Spanish blood in my veins, and I was never born a de Cortinez, but you're my daughter as well as your father's, and no daughter of mine is going to run around after the local bad man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, acting like a kid out of high school. I'm just not going to see you ruin your life."

"How will you stop me chasing Malo, Mother?" Locha's voice was unsteady and her eyes still wet.

"I'm going right down to talk to the priest."

Locha was silent. She was in control of herself when she asked coldly: "You'd welcome any excuse to do that, wouldn't you, Mother?"

"Father Keogh's a very good friend of mine," Doña Marian replied. "There isn't anything I couldn't talk over with him."

"So I've noticed."

They held each other's eyes a moment. Doña Marian dropped her voice. "Look, honey, you're my little girl and I love you very much, but it hurts me to have you look at me that way. Father Keogh's a very intelligent man, and if he doesn't think so badly of me I can't figure out why you should."

"Do you know what Father Keogh thinks about you, Mother?"

"Well, he'd hardly spend so much time with me if he didn't have a fairly good opinion of me. Don't tell me you grudge me a friend."

"You've worked hard enough for his friendship."

"How's that?" Doña Marian asked.

"I may be acting like a kid out of high school, Mother, but I'm afraid you're behaving much worse. It's not only me who's noticed it—you treat him as if he belonged to you, and I shouldn't imagine he likes it."

"I think you want to hurt me because you're hurt inside yourself."

"It's got nothing at all to do with my inside. The whole world can see you're making a fool of yourself."

"The whole world didn't mention it."

"Oh, Mother, you *surely* can't think he's interested! Do you imagine he cares about all the silly things you talk about to him? Do you imagine it matters to *him* what Aunt Somebody or other writes in her letters, or the mistakes that you make in your banking account? Do you think he *likes* your kind of music, or listening to details of your new spring outfit?"

"Perhaps if I could talk it over with *you* now and again I wouldn't have to bother Father Keogh."

"He sits there unable to bear it sometimes, but you just go gushing on and on and on."

"I never saw him look like he couldn't bear it."

"Well, I have, and it makes me so *ashamed* of you." She put her head back on her arms again. "There, I said I'd be bound to hurt you if you didn't go away."

Doña Marian held out the letters to her.

Locha made no attempt to take them. "Show them to your boy friend, Mother—for once you'll have something worth talking about."

THE following morning, Locha was gone. She left a note for Father Keogh. She said she had gone to the States to take up nursing, and she requested him to persuade Doña Marian not to go in search of her.

Father Keogh went up to the Casa Grande.

Don Pedro kept his finger in his book. "She's with my wife's people; she should be all right. In any case, she's old enough to look after herself."

Father Keogh went up to see Doña Marian. She received him with her handkerchief to her nose and her eyes red. "Oh, Father, thank God you came! I guess I can't bear it alone." She let the tears fall unchecked, and he watched them, wishing he felt more moved. "How could she have done this to me—this last cruel thing!"

Father Keogh said gently but pointedly: "I think we should think of *her*."

Doña Marian raised her eyes again. She smelt of whisky. "She spoke to me the way no mother ought to hear her daughter speak. She said things I—well, she just said things I'll skip."

"It was inconsiderate of her to leave home without telling you, but Don Pedro tells me she'll be living with relatives, and nursing's a good career."

"Oh, sure—if I thought she was just going to nurse I'd merely think she had a hell of an idea of fun, but I'd be content for her."

"What do you think she's gone to do?"

"I reckon she's gone to wait for him."

"Wait for whom?"

Doña Marian's voice was flat. "She's crazy over Malo, Father. She told me so last night."

Father Keogh sat down. He spoke evenly but he could feel the colour leave his face. Doña Marian passed him the letters. She chipped at her nails while he read through the pad. He read in the stilted writing that was so like Don Pedro's:

"I love him. I've always loved him, and nothing and no one can help. I know he isn't meant for me, and I know I'm not allowed to love him. 'Convention' has placed us apart. There are a thousand barriers that could never be broken down. Think of the scandal! Think what people would say! It doesn't bear thinking about. Sometimes I touch my own hand with my eyes closed because I must never touch him. I touch it and stroke it and put my lips against it. Sometimes I think I must be mad. I can't think when I loved him first, but I was certainly still a child. It might have been the very first time I ever saw him, but I don't think so. I think it was when I first realized that I was afraid for him. He's no business to lead the life he leads, and look so unsuitable for it. It's not fair. There should be some form of protection against it. What

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Take stock

ONE of the greatest fallacies is to try to do something just because someone else has done it. Differences in capacity exist and are very real.

There is no sense in spoiling a good teacher to produce an inferior lawyer: nor in producing a poor politician at the expense of a first-rate artisan. The wise man finds what he can do and does it—irrespective of anyone else.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

WIN £50 for FITTING PHRASES FREE!

All you do—fit to each advertisement one of these phrases

1. A delicate compliment to your guests.
2. Each mouthful is exactly right.
3. For the million as well as the millionaire.
4. No other can ever be quite the same.
5. For very particular people.
6. Look for the name and be sure of satisfaction.
7. On every score you'll ask for more.

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Study the Products—fit the Phrases!

A

You get the

REAL ORANGE

flavour

in

HARTLEY'S MARMALADE

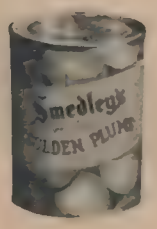
1/4

per 1-lb. jar

B

Smedley's

on the label means quality on the table



Home Grown

CHOICEST FRUITS
GARDEN PEAS
AND VEGETABLES

C

"Velly solly. No 'Sanforized' label. Shirt now suitable for honourable son."

·SANFORIZED·
SHRUNK FABRIC

will not shrink out of fit

Insist on this label when you buy pyjamas, shirts, overalls, or any other cotton garments. It means that they will not shrink out of fit, however often you wash and iron them.

D

The same—until you know

In appearance and in price, Three Threes are as other cigarettes—but you cannot *know*, until you smoke them, just how much extra enjoyment their State Express quality gives you. For Christmas Pocket Boxes of 50 in gift wrapper, 3 11½d.

STATE EXPRESS

'THREE THREES'

CIGARETTES

20—3'7

★ In the above photographs, the couple on the right are showing correctly and comfortably the gentleman is enclined forward and his weight is evenly balanced between the head of the front foot and the toe of the rear. On the left, however, his weight is on the rear foot, which is the instead of the heel being inclined as in the correct manner.

E

F

Specially packed for the table!

To meet the wishes of thoughtful hostesses, these popular cheese biscuits in seven varieties are now attractively packed in 2¾-lb. tins ready for the table

Carr's CHEESE ASSORTED
Biscuits

G

TO SMOKERS WHO HAVEN'T GOT A **RONSON**

WHY is it that more than *half* the lighter owners in Britain carry a Ronson? Simply this: because a Ronson always lights first time, every time, because a Ronson is so beautifully made, because a Ronson is the best gift in the world. Get yourself a Ronson and you'll see the difference! Right, Ronson Standard, 38/6.

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**

USE this FREE COUPON YOURSELF

3 "FITTING PHRASES"—£50 MUST BE WON

Key Letters of Advertisements	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right.							

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FURTHER £50 CONTESTS ON PAGES 23 and 25

Both suffer from INDIGESTION

One takes Maclean BRAND Stomach Tablets

There's no need *ever* to let indigestion get you down. Take Maclean brand stomach tablets or powder—they will bring you relief from all the symptoms of indigestion: heartburn, acidity, flatulence and stomach pains.

REALLY PROFOUND RELIEF

Here are two photomicrographs. They show the reason *why* Maclean brand preparations mean really effective relief from pain.

You can see how *finely-divided* the Macleans particles are, quite free from gritty irritants. It is this that ensures the even assimilation into the system that gives such profound relief from pain.

An ordinary mixture of Sodium Bicarbonate, Bismuth Carbonate and Magnesium Carbonate. Magnified 50 times.

Maclean brand stomach powder prepared in accordance with the Macleans patented processes. Magnified 50 times.

MACLEAN BRAND
STOMACH POWDER & TABLETS

POWDER for home use. 1/9d. 3/- & 7-
TABLETS for use in travel or at work. 1/- 1/9d. & 3/-

MOTHER — it's no use coaxing!

When children are cross or irritable and turn against food, it's often due to 'stasis'—the Doctor's word for sluggish bowels. Never ignore this condition but, on the other hand, don't pander to it by coaxing the child to eat. Healthy children are always ready for their meals.

To restore eager appetite, high spirits and rosy cheeks 'California Syrup of Figs' is Mother's natural choice. Containing extracts of both senna and ripe figs, its pleasant taste makes a special appeal to youngsters. So if 'stasis' is the cause of your child being out of sorts, remember that 'California Syrup of Figs', gentle but sure in action, will soon restore regularity, bright eyes and a sunny nature.

Price 1/6 and 3/-

'California Syrup of Figs'

ALSO BRANDED 'CALIFIG' FOR SHORT

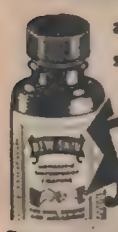
The words 'California Syrup of Figs' and 'Califig' are registered trade marks.

After cleansing, protect

Chilblains, Chaps

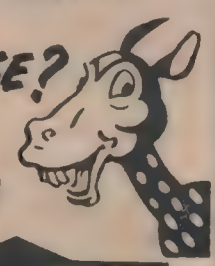
and all slight skin injuries with

Of all chemists **1/9**



NEW-SKIN
Protective WATERPROOF COATING
Transparent - smooth - washable - easily removable

That tickling throat you'll quickly lose, if this advice you'll only U U U U....



HOARSE? GO - SUCK A

ZUBE

8½d. and 1/4d. tins, 5½d. an oz. loose

does it matter what he is, if he looks and appeals like that?"

Father Keogh glanced up, and found Doña Marian's eyes upon him. She looked down again, chipping her nails. He read on:

"I must be a very bad girl. I would give everything I have to spend one single hour in his arms—one hour to be near him, and feel his breath, to be able to touch him in the way that I want to touch him with all my love and longing. I think I would even die for that. I miss him so—stupid, isn't it, to miss someone you've never really been as close to as all that? But I feel I belong in those arms, I feel it's my right to be in them. Why not, when I love him so much? Oh God, I'm so lonely outside them."

Father Keogh looked up again. He said tenderly: "This letter's pathetically young."

Doña Marian answered. "It gets younger yet—read on."

Father Keogh turned a page:

"Oh, Malo, why must you come back? I think I could bear it if only you'd stay away, but now it will all be the same again—all the same terrible fears—my dreams have crept into the daytime now. He'll never change—how could he? He's made like that. He won't make an effort to save himself—he'll run the same risks and he'll do the same things, and nothing will warn him and nothing will stop him. Some day it's bound to take its toll of him. I wonder if he knows my feelings? Once I thought he did. I wish I had someone to talk to about it, but there's only Micky, the tortoise. Mother would make it seem worse hell, father wouldn't be interested, and I can imagine the sort of reception I could expect from him for a confidence like that! I can't stay to watch it all happen again. . . ."

FATHER KEOGH put down the pad. He stood up and walked to the window. Below him Quantana spread. The hand that lifted the cigarette to his mouth was unsteady. He found himself trying to breathe a fragrance that was not part of the heavy perfume that lay in the room. He found himself drawing in his breath as if he were trying to force into his lungs a delicate pastel fragrance that had lingered on his shoulder for over a week.

Father Keogh went down to see Sam. He sat up at the bar. "You were quite right, Sam."

"Yeah? What about?"

"I meant about the yen."

"Huh?"

"Locha and her yen five years ago, do you remember?—only you said that the next week it would be somebody else. In that you were unfortunately mistaken."

Sam banged a bottle of Coca-Cola in front of Father Keogh.

"I think I'd like something stronger for once, Sam," said Father Keogh.

"Hang on to that lifebelt, bud!" He put a bottle of Vera Cruz brandy on the bar. "You don't say that kid has still got hot pants for Pussyfoot?"

"Apparently," Father Keogh said.

"Well, how come she takes a powder the minute Pussyfoot shows up? That doesn't sound like she has hot pants for him. It sounds like he scares them off her."

"Her mother's afraid they intend to meet. I'm worried to death," said Father Keogh. "I don't know what to do for the best."

"You're kind of nuts about that kid yourself, aren't you, bud?"

"Good gracious, no," Father Keogh said. "I'm certainly exceedingly fond of her—I feel I've brought her up, and she isn't a kid any longer." He felt suddenly faint and got up from his seat.

"Hey, bud—you didn't finish your drink."

"I don't feel I want it now, Sam."

MALO and the other released gangsters came back at eleven o'clock in the morning. They came in a car from Huapan, and drove straight to Porfirio's bar.

At half past one, Malo presented himself to Father Keogh. He put his suitcase on the floor and sat down. Father Keogh was eating his lunch.

"Don't tell me you've come for religious instruction already," said Father Keogh, pushing his plate aside.

"I've come for accommodation. I can't get in anywhere else."

"Have you any money?"

"Not much."

"Have you been to the *jefe*?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"He suggested I left the town."

"Where are the others going to sleep?"

"Porfirio's."

"Why isn't there room for you?"

"Because they didn't build it large enough. I thought that there was a tradition in your calling, Father, to shelter the homeless and lost."

"There is," Father Keogh told him. "But I am afraid I have no room."

"There is room for a bed in the kitchen."

"You wouldn't be very comfortable," Father Keogh pointed out.

"I'm not asking for comfort. I'm asking for a bed. I will bring a mattress from Porfirio's. I shan't trouble you during the day."

"Where would you go if you left Quantana?" Father Keogh inquired.

Malo said casually: "Maybe the States."

Father Keogh asked him carefully: "Why would you choose the States?"

Malo spread out his hands. "Where else, if you want to leave Mexico?"

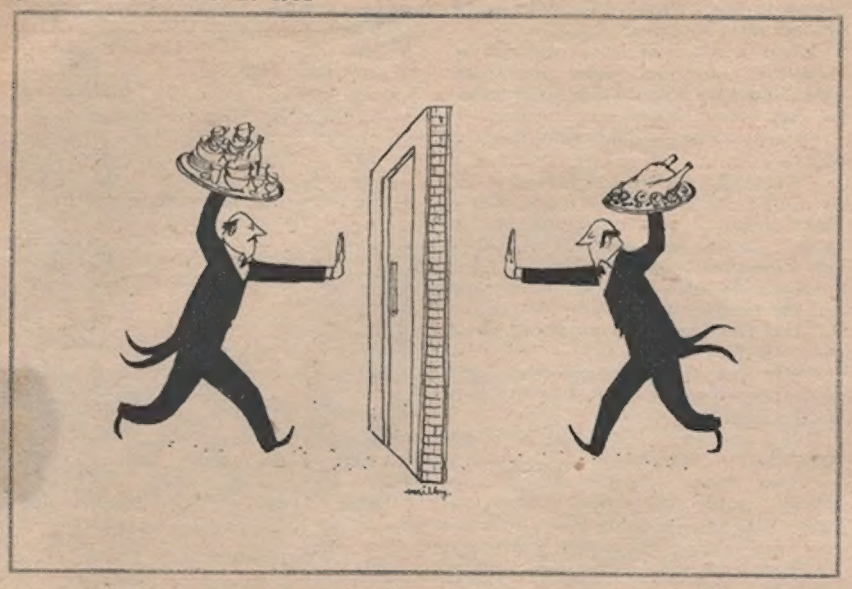
"You have no special friends there?"

Malo looked at him steadily. "I

TAKE MY TIP

CHRISTMAS toys will soon be in urgent need of repair. Dents in the metal ones can easily be beaten out. Cover the head of a hammer with several thicknesses of cloth. Lay the dented part of the toy on top of a pail of sand, and smooth out the dent by tapping it down from *inside* the toy. Don't hammer hard enough to make fresh dents.
—R. Lock, Exmouth, Devon.

JOHN BULL *pays three guineas, on publication, for simple, original tips that show other readers how to carry out useful jobs in better ways. Address contributions to* TAKE MY TIP, JOHN BULL, *189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, including (if they help) diagrams or photographs with the text. It is regretted that contributions cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*



have no friends at all, Father—that is, unless I can still count on you."

"You can still count on me."

Few people went into Porfirio's bar except the occasional stranger who had not been warned, and the tourists who came out of curiosity.

Porfirio overcharged the tourists, and now and again induced his wife to part with a portion of her savings. But that was becoming increasingly difficult. She never complained, but her eye was sour. Sometimes he challenged it when his own were bloodshot: "Well, woman—what do you expect? Can a man make himself money in prison?"

"There need never have been any prison." She was owl-faced and dull-eyed, and she hated him. "The Bad One is finished," she said.

"Finished?" he spat at her. "Finished, old fool?" And because he half believed her, he laid about him. She stood beyond his reach.

Among themselves there was nothing for Malo's men to do but quarrel or bolster each other up. They argued backwards and forwards: "You are not loyal—you are frightened to leave him."

"And why do *you* stay, my fine Porfirio?"

"Porfirio remains for a share in the spoils—if there are any spoils again," said The Jeep.

"It's a fine thing," Vito said mildly, "if we are to sit here wasting our lives while Anacleto talks church with the priest."

"Ah," said Porfirio, "it makes a man vomit, when you remember how he was."

"He'll have his revenge," Maria said. "He's promised to have it, hasn't he? Did you ever hear him make a promise he did not keep?"

"A fine way to keep it," Vito sneered. "Chat, chat, chat, half the night with a priest!"

Maria's lazy anger fired. "Cowards!" she said to them. "Growling like bears! Not one of you speaks to his face. What are you frightened of? That he will get back—or that he won't get back? Which are you frightened of most?"

THEY all shouted at once, and were silent at once. They had seen Malo come into the bar.

He stood with his arms at his sides, and looked from one to the other. Nobody cared to speak. It was Maria who said at last: "I have told them you'll have your revenge. Oh yes, they have plenty to say to you as long as you turn your back. You are wasting your time here, you are wasting theirs, you've gone soft in the head, you are 'in' with the priest."

"It's all very well for you, Anacleto," Porfirio whined. "But I have to feed these pigs."

Malo walked past them and went up the stairs. Maria turned and followed him.

Since Malo's return, Father Keogh had spent the busiest three months of his life in Quantana. But in the every-day race against lack of time, he found many minutes to wonder about Locha. He had received no letter from her. Neither had Doña Marian. Don Pedro had received one postcard. "All well. Hope you are. Give my love to Fr. Keogh."

He rarely dined at the Casa Grande. First one and then another duty had deprived him of Thursday evenings. He no longer found in Don Pedro an intellectual stimulus, and he felt ill at ease with Doña Marian. She was brightly courteous, but avoided him whenever possible.

The bishop made his five-yearly visit to the diocese, and Father Keogh discussed with him at length the case of Malo. His confidence that he could save Malo showed in every word, but the bishop was uneasy.

"Father Keogh, the Church has great need of men like you. You have accomplished your mission here—you have been entirely successful. Isn't this the time to go elsewhere and apply those qualities afresh?"

"That is hardly for me to decide, my Lord."

The bishop smiled. "No, perhaps not."

EXCEPT for their discussions, Father Keogh hardly knew that Malo was in the house. The mattress was stowed away by half past six in the morning, and Chela was usually well behind her bolted and barricaded door before his return at night.

Malo made no noise and was scrupulously tidy. The only complaint Chela could find to make about him was in connection with the stray cats who followed him back to the house; a small, undisciplined and bedraggled army which lacked everything but dignity.

Father Keogh waited up for Malo at nights. He challenged himself to hear the footsteps. He set himself the task every night, but he never heard Malo come in.

When Malo entered the room, he looked up at the ceiling. "Is the old one protected against me yet?"

Father Keogh chuckled. "Judging from the row that went on, I should think she's put every piece of furniture that she could find against her door."

Malo sat down. "It was bad again in the bar tonight. I went for a walk on the mountain."

Father Keogh was sympathetic. "Tourists? They even come up to the church."

"They wanted to see the place where Old Uncle Joaquin died."

The lamp burnt between them, and the room smelt of kerosene. One of the old green curtains that covered the medicine cabinet had faded into a dull yellow. The big crucifix cut a stark black shadow into the whitewashed wall. The tiled floor felt cold underfoot at night, and there were dead beetles round the rim of the lamp.

They sat opposite each other, their

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The photograph on page 18 is of Sylvia Cheeseman.

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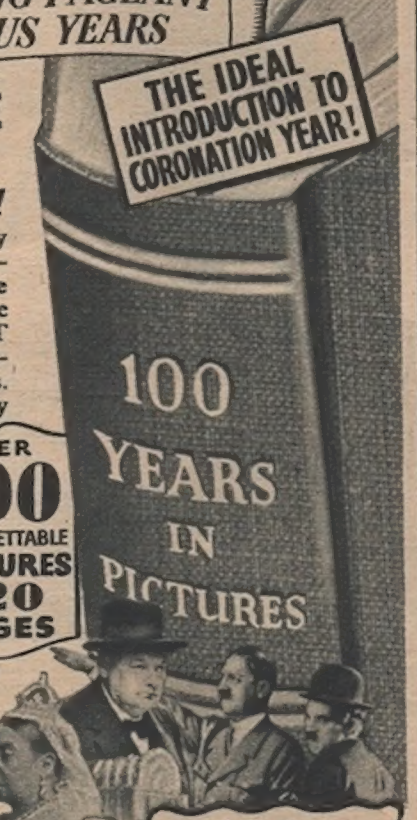

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(JA1/27/12/52)

arms on the table. Father Keogh poured Malo a cup of chocolate.

"You could tell me something, Father. . . . That night Old Uncle died, you were there when he breathed his last. How did he die?"

"He was brave but unrepentant, I'm afraid."

"I thought perhaps at the very end he might have gone back to this." Malo dropped something on to the table. It was the religious medallion Old Uncle had stamped upon.

Father Keogh shook his head. Malo put the medallion back into his pocket.

"Did Old Uncle say anything about me?" Malo asked.

"He was assuring me that you would have your revenge, however long it took you."

"It's possible," Malo said. "If the opportunity presents itself."

"You know," Father Keogh confessed, "sometimes I find it quite uncanny sitting here with you. Here we are, apparently at peace with one another; and yet, if the opportunity presented itself, you wouldn't hesitate to kill me. It makes you hard to understand."

"That's because you suffer from the halo habit, friend. It is something you are taught to strive towards for yourself and for other people. But a halo has no place on the head of a bad man. It can never be made to fit."

"That still doesn't account," Father Keogh argued, "for your love of inflicting pain."

"It is the final celebration of power within oneself. If you cannot understand that, you are still judging me by the wrong standards. You are judging me by your own. You should judge me by mine."

"But yours are the wrong ones, Anacleto."

Malo smiled at him. "I want to be convinced, Father. Convince me."

* * *

In Mexico City, the bishop was drafting a lengthy letter to ask the advice of the extremely aged and patriarchal bishop who, many years before, had ordained him to the priesthood.

". . . and Your Lordship will appreciate that a man of Father Keogh's considerable worth has no alternative but to accept this line of duty. I am gravely concerned for his personal safety. Such is his sincerity and his devotion to duty that he is unable to grasp a loophole even within himself.

"Had he not accomplished his mission with such obvious success, and were not his services so obviously valuable, I should not be venturing to ask of your Lordship whether you do not feel with me that some measure should be found that would legitimately relieve him of a post which places him in this problematical position. . . ."

The ancient bishop was bedridden. His right hand was painfully arthritic. Nevertheless, he wrote back shakily with it, "Agree with you. Feel he should be transferred. Suggest you effect it as soon as possible."

It was Malo who told Father Keogh that Locha was back. At the time, Malo was engaged upon carving an image of a tiny wooden war god. He broke the news in a roundabout way. He did not look up from his work.

"That de Cortinez girl was in love with you. She was in love with you even when she was a child. You could see that without any eyes."

"If she was in love at such a tender age," Father Keogh said, "I am afraid it was not with me."

"They tell me she's come home."

"*What*!" Father Keogh put down his cup.

"It was news in the bar last night. They say she's come home to be married."

Father Keogh was taken off his guard. He sat down and said urgently, "Married?" He was hardly able to ask the next question. His eyes and his voice were alarmed. "Whom has she come home to marry?"

Malo laughed. "Well, Father, it does distress you! Did you think she was marrying *me*?"

Father Keogh snapped: "I asked you a question. Please answer it."

Malo told him. "I can't. I don't know, but it's someone she met in the States."

He kept his eyes on Father Keogh, watching him carefully.

Father Keogh picked up his black gloves and walked out. He went up to the Casa Grande. The heat on the hill struck him fiercely. His mouth was dry and he longed for the grey mists of Wicklow.

Doña Marian was changing a gramophone needle when he was shown in.

She turned and flashed her teeth at him. "Why, hallo there, Father! You just missed the kid. I guess she went down to see you."

Father Keogh was still out of breath. "She—she hasn't come back to see *him*?"

Doña Marian turned round and laughed. "Why Father, you look downright scared! No—I guess that's all over and done with. She took a toss for her cousin, Dyke Brown."

"Dyke—oh, the boy I met here once. Does she really seem in love?"

"Oh, sure! I never saw her so gay. He's a doctor now. They have a lot in common."

"You must be very pleased. It's certainly wonderful news."

He hurried down the hill, but at the foot he met Señora Martinez. It was impossible to get away in under fifteen minutes.

Malo was still at work on the war god when Locha arrived at the house. She knocked and called out gaily, "Father, may I come in?"

Malo made no reply, but she heard him move inside the room.

She pushed the door open, her face alight. "I couldn't wait——" When she saw Malo she stood still. He continued to chip at the image. Then he looked up and smiled, "What a hurry you're in to see each other! Sit down, Señorita. He won't be long."

She remained standing. He went on working. For a second or two she looked at him; then she looked about the room: at the old medicine cupboard, the crucifix, and Saint Anthony's part-worn feet. Her lips were open and her eyes were soft. There were tears in them when she looked around.

"You've grown very beautiful, Señorita." She made no reply. "You'll make a beautiful bride. It will be an interesting wedding, this one—to see a young lady go up to the altar to be married, not *to* the man she loves, but *by* him. Yes, it will be an interesting

"No, I don't *want* to retain my individuality. I want to look like Ava Gardner"

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wedding." He sensed that her body stiffened. "When will it be, Señorita?"

"I have come to discuss it with Father Keogh."

"You had better make it soon, or it will never take place at all."

She wore a crisp blue dress and a small blue skull-cap hat to match. Her ankles and wrists were over-slim, her waist was nipped in and her breasts protruded. She had made a square box of her mouth. Her eyelashes, stiffened with thick mascara, gave her eyes a startled look. Her nails gleamed and she smelt of a sophisticated perfume.

"Will you tell Father Keogh I couldn't wait?"

"No, because you will wait."

She hesitated, eyeing the door.

Still he did not look at her. "How happy will you be, Señorita?"

She said, "Why are you living here?"

"Because no one else would have me."

"You could have put a mattress on the floor at Porfirio's."

"Porfirio's wife would not let me. She is a very important lady now. How happy will you make your husband, Señorita?"

"I am devoted to my cousin—I'm ——" She raised her head. "I'm in love with him."

"Perhaps—until you came into this room again."

"We have a very slight acquaintance, Señor Comachi. I don't see how you can judge me or my feelings."

"They are visible, Señorita. You looked at this room as you would like to look at him, and besides, we have not a slight acquaintance. I have known you since you were a child. Your feelings were visible then."

He turned round and looked at her full in the face. She lowered her eyes before him. When she raised them, he was chipping at the image again.

She was unable to take her eyes off him. Bent forward, his lashes pressing two dark crescents on to the over-high cheek bones, his profile showed none of the insolence, none of the ruthless impassivity that was visible full face. She thought she had never seen a more taut or more severe beauty. She watched Malo's hands at work. Every movement was quick and studied, as if he even put his gestures to the most effective use. She asked softly, "Have you forgiven Father Keogh now?"

"Was it I who had something to forgive?"

"No, it wasn't, but sometimes that makes no difference."

Malo put a hand into his pocket. On to the table he dropped a rosary. It made a tiny rattling noise before it lay finally quiet.

Locha said, "Yes, I was told about that. But somehow I couldn't believe it."

"Well, perhaps you are right."

"Are you going to try?"

He nodded.

"Why?"

"Why not? If it satisfies him, it could satisfy me."

"How could the same things appeal to you?"

"It might be that his choice is better than mine. I shall not know if I do not try it out to see."

"You won't—you won't hurt him again?"

He said, "There! He's finished—Huitzilopochtli!" And he held out the small wooden war god. "Would you like him?"

He leant over and dropped the little figure into her hand.

She turned it over. "You've made it very cleverly. Don't you want to give it to——"

"Maria?" He shook his head.

"Why not?"

"Because Maria already has one. No girl is in need of two war gods."

She stood up with her fingers closed about the image. "Well, thank you very much—I think after all I'd better not wait."

She kept her eyes down when she walked to the door. When she reached it, she found he was standing in front of her.

When she tried to go past him, he pulled her against him. He had seen Father Keogh pass the window.

"Father Keogh and I are much alike. Why not kiss me if you cannot kiss him?"

She fought against him at first but he held her arms, and his mouth gave her lips no escape. He was thin and she felt his every bone against her. It was a merciless kiss. It deprived her of resistance and when it was over she felt exhausted, as if he had physically beaten her. There was no colour left on her lips. There was the faintest suggestion round his.

He said, "Well, do you think you would find us much different?"

Father Keogh came into the room. Locha took three steps backwards. Malo leant on the point of his shoulder against the wall. His whole body could lean without lounging.

Father Keogh looked quickly from one to the other. He took Locha's hands and smiled at her.

"My dear child, I'm so happy to hear this good news."

"How kind of you," she said.

He did not recognize the voice. It was too quick and too bright and too breathless.

He drew her by the hands towards a chair and sat opposite her. "Come and tell me about it. I remember him, of course. I thought him very charming. When do you want to be married?"

"Mother sent me down to ask about that."

"Well, I dare say I can help there." He gave her a smile but his eyes strayed. They strayed to the figure she held in her hand and they strayed to Malo's lips.

"Well, perhaps when you think you can manage it you'll let my mother know."

She was out of the room and passing the window before he could make a reply. He turned slowly round towards Malo.

Neither of them spoke.

To be continued next week

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In adjudication all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated January 17.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

Across Clues **XWORD 818**

1. Many people were content with this for Christmas
2. Let it begin to rain and some people start worrying about this
5. This means a certain depression
8. It can be of the most elaborate pattern
9. Will attract more people with return of spring
12. You can't very well grumble if little seaside garage lacks this for your car
13. In some cases may eventually be found in rut

Down Clues

1. Can involve awkward, tricky climb
3. No doubt Egypt makes considerable use of
4. One kind of this means very little
6. A great many gardens could easily be improved by
7. When only a small sum of money is this, interest isn't expected to be big
8. Kiddies squabble among themselves even when they are
10. Will disappoint if at all small
11. People commonly speak of one boiling, although this doesn't actually happen

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of these Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated January 24, and in JOHN BULL, dated January 31), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See *Daily Herald* on Saturday, January 17, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,866 result.)

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Of Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas—that's good Virginia tobacco)

Although I fool to beat the band,
My head's not made of wood!
I know the finest cigarettes
Are Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas taste better)

Here's Father Christmas bringing gifts,
In scarlet cloak and hood—
And Uncle, Dad and all exclaim,
"Ah! Kensitas—that's good!"

(The best tobacco is bought for Kensitas)

MELLOW, GOOD-TASTING FOR GOOD SMOKING

KENSITAS — THAT'S GOOD VIRGINIA TOBACCO